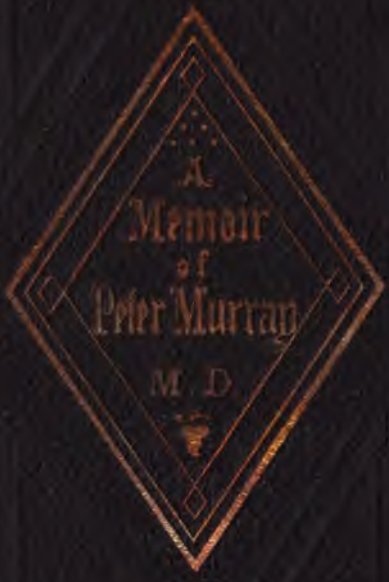
The Beloved Physician



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"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN;"

A

MEMOIR

OF

PETER MURRAY, M.D.,

OF BELLE VUE, SCARBOROUGH.

BY THE REV. R. BALGARNIE,

Minister of the Bar Church.

COLOSSIANS iv. 14.

LONDON:—

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SCARBOROUGH:—

S. W. THEAKSTON, St. NICHOLAS STREET.

1864.

TO

THE INHABITANTS OF SCARBOROUGH,

WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM WELL,

THIS MEMOIR

OF THEIR FELLOW-TOWNSMAN,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE following pages contain the record of a life worthy of being known beyond the localities where it was spent. It was a life intimately associated with science, philanthropy, and religion. But as it was in the latter capacity that Dr. Murray was more conspicuous during the greater part of his life, the religious element will be found to predominate in the volume. The materials at our disposal were fewer than we expected. They consisted, for the most part, of brief memoranda, intended chiefly for his own private use—of two or three note books in the form of a diary—of letters to friends, and of personal reminiscences. These we have endeavoured to weave into the fabric of a memoir. There may be little skill displayed in the workmanship, but a loving hand hath guided the shuttle. It has not been our aim to magnify the virtues of the deceased.

but the grace of God in him; therefore, instead of laying this humble tribute on his tomb, we would lay it on the altar of God, praying that it may be blessed to the reader. If, by its perusal, any shall be brought to decision for Christ, or induced to consecrate time, talent, or property to Him, the author will have his reward.

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THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Go up and watch the new-born rill,
Just trickling from its mossy bed;
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread."

PARENTAGE—BIRTH AT JAMAICA—REMINISCENCES OF VOYAGE TO ENGLAND—RECEPTION BY HIS GRANDMOTHER.

PETER MURRAY was born at Montego Bay, Jamaica, on the 30th March, 1782. He was the son of Patrick Murray, M.D., an eminent physician, and Assistant-Judge of the Supreme Court of that island. Of his more remote ancestry little is known; most likely it could be traced to the old Scottish clan of Murray. In the drawing-room at Belle Vue, might

be seen a family memorial hanging in a neatly gilt frame; it consisted of a stripe of the Murray tartan with a sprig of juniper underneath it—the recognised symbols of the Murray clan. The mother of Peter Murray was Mary Wilmer, the youngest daughter of John Wilmer, Esq., a well-known merchant of London. The Murrays were Presbyterians in their religious persuasion: the Wilmers belonged to the Society of Friends. Peter Murray's father returned to his native town of Kirkcudbright, after the lapse of many years; there he finished his course, and there—in the Presbyterian churchyard—is his grave. His grandfather, John Wilmer, continued firm in his attachment to his denomination to the last. The simplicity of his religion was characteristically maintained even after death;—at his special request, he was interred, without any form or ceremony, in his own garden at Stoke Newington, where his grave may still be seen.

Several children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Murray, in Jamaica, but none of them survived the period of infancy, save Peter, the subject of this memoir. One by one the parents saw their infant buds appear, only to be gathered. These little ones just came for a while to claim citizenship with earth, and then they passed away to a purer clime. As might be expected, such repeated bereavements inflicted deep wounds in the hearts of the parents.

In the case of the mother, time did little to heal them: the elasticity of her mind was broken under the pressure of sorrow: her health gradually declined. It was fondly hoped that when another child was born, the joy infused into a mother's heart would drown her grief for the lost ones, and give a new impetus to life; but, alas! only a month after giving birth to this child, she died. The date of her death was 1st May, 1782. The mother and her little ones sleep together in a far-off land. The babe who survived is "the new-born rill" that we are now attempting to trace from its "mossy bed," through its various windings in life's wilderness, till it is lost to our view. A very tiny rill it was at its birth; so fragile was the child's frame, and so delicate was his health, that his father expected nothing but to see him laid by his mother's side in the grave, and himself left childless and alone. But God had a purpose to fulfil; His eye watched this opening bud; His hand gave direction to this "rill," so that it might become tributary in promoting His own glory and conveying blessings to others. While man bent over the infant's cradle and watched for the last breath, God was there as if to reiterate the old promise and give it a new application, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

How the father bore up under the loss of his wife,

and how he treasured his motherless child, may be gathered from a letter dated

"*Montego Bay, Nov. 2nd*, 1782.

"I thank you most sincerely, my dear Sister, for your very kind letter. Your arguments are just; but, alas! all the reason I am master of only serves to convince me of the greatness of my loss. All the favours that Heaven can bestow seem contemptible to me, but for the good of my little boy. He is, and has been, the pleasing instrument of God to preserve my life; I hope for some use or other."

The child was named Peter, in fulfilment of the wish of his departed mother; the reason for selecting this name is not evident, but the father records the fact in the following extract from a letter:—"He is exactly thirty-one weeks old, the hour I write. Polly named him Peter. He was christened the 27th April."

In the absence of a mother, it fell to the lot of a Mrs. Buchanan to act a mother's part towards this delicate child. She tended him as if he were her own; it was her sole occupation to do so. Great was her satisfaction when she saw her tender charge increasing in strength and giving signs of growth. But the satisfaction of the father was yet greater. His heart was bound up in the life of this little boy, and all his hopes centred in him. He was said to be a faithful copy of his mother, and the resemblance became more striking as he grew in years. By-and-bye, the father relieved the cares

of official life in the company of his boy; the nursery was a well-spring of joy; each sport was heightened, and each trouble lightened because shared together. Thus the child grew.

At the age of four years the father deemed it desirable to send his son to England. Several reasons dictated this step;—being the only child on his mother's side, he was sole heir to large family property; and a strong desire had been expressed by the Wilmers that they should be entrusted with his education. Moreover, a fearful malady prevailed at Jamaica about this time, which drove many English residents away. This was not the time for a medical man to leave his post; but he thought his boy should not be exposed to the danger. Accordingly, in the year 1786, arrangements were made that he should proceed to England to live with his grandmother, who then resided at Ranelagh, near London. This lady, the widow of the late John Wilmer, had recently married Major John Sinclair, uncle to Sir John Sinclair, Bart. This marriage forms a sad episode in the history of the Wilmer family. There was nothing congenial in their tastes and habits. How a quiet, sober-minded Quakeress should have been enamoured of a fiery son of Mars, it is difficult to conceive. It was a union of the lion and the lamb. The truth is, the lady had money, the gentleman had position;

neither had love, so that the result of the marriage was, as might be expected, misery. Nor was this all the evil that ensued. Major Sinclair was most extravagant in his style of living, and reckless in the abuse of money. The house at Ranelagh became like an hotel, or officers' barracks, where his military friends were always quartered. The Misses Wilmer continued to reside with their mother after her marriage; being young and handsome, with good fortunes in prospect, their new step-father sought to introduce them into fashionable life. Brought up as they had been, in retirement, it was a great change to them, but a change that they ardently enjoyed. Now they mingled amid scenes of gaiety and amusement, which they had never dreamt of in their youthful days. The plain garb of the Society of Friends was exchanged for the latest fashions; the quiet pleasures of home were superseded by the excitement of the ball-room; they rode and drove in the parks, and became known there as "the dashing Miss Wilmers." Such was the new mode of life into which they were introduced by Major Sinclair. Thus devoted to carnal pleasures, the Society of Friends could not, of course, retain them in their fellowship, and by a solemn resolution, their tickets of membership were withheld. But this circumstance rather increased their love of display than

repressed it. They determined to have their fill of earthly pleasures, and God let them have it, till at last they found out, by bitter experience, that all was vanity.

Such was the new home into which Peter Murray was about to be transferred; and now the time came when he was to leave the parental roof in Jamaica. But he was too young to be susceptible of those emotions which are experienced in such circumstances—he was only a child. Mrs. Buchanan was engaged to accompany him, along with his nurse, Mrs. Mackenzie, and a negro servant "John." Three days before the ship sailed, the father wrote the following note:—

"*Montego Bay, 4th May*, 1786.

"This comes with dear little Peter and his nurse. Her attention to and fondness for him have been very great, and I beg you will shew her all that kindness that your sensibility will naturally express to a person that has served us in so important a concern.

"God bless you! and send my dear child in health to his worthy friend.

"I am,

"Yours, most affectionately,

"PAT. MURRAY."

The father made every possible arrangement to render the voyage pleasant to his little boy. The ship, whose name was "The St. George's Planter," was of good repute; the captain was an experienced officer; and to them this little treasure was confided.

But the child had treasures of his own from which he could not bear to be parted. They consisted of a goat, a peacock, and a pair of pigeons; all these were put on board with him as his companions and playmates.

Just before the ship left the harbour the father wrote the following letter to Miss Wilmer:—

"*From on board the St. George's Planter,*
"*Montego Bay, 7th May,* 1786.

"Dear Sister,

"They seem now going to take in the anchor, and my dear Peter and I must part,—I trust in God only for a time. It is more painful than tearing the heart from me; but I must and ought to submit. The bearer, Mrs. Buchanan, (to whom we are much indebted for most important service to him) and his nurse, will take great care of him. The ship and captain are excellent. I cannot think of trusting him to the approaching season, likely to be uncommonly dangerous to life and health. I cannot go with my boy without the utmost risk of losing the greatest part of my claims in this island. There is the utmost reason to expect a prosperous voyage without bad weather, and that his health will be improved by it. Gracious God! grant that he may meet you all in perfect health and happiness.

"I beg my love to all, and am,

"Dear Sister,

"Most affectionately and sincerely yours,

"PAT. MURRAY."

The voyage to England in the St. George's Planter made a deep impression on the mind of "little Peter." Even at the age of fourscore years he was wont to recount with much animation various incidents that happened on board. He remembered his peculiar sensations when the last

tints of his native land faded from his sight and the ship was alone on the mighty ocean; he remembered his excitement when another ship appeared in sight with all its sails outspread, and how he imitated the captain as he hailed her through his speaking trumpet. In a few days he became a great favourite with the passengers and crew. One can imagine "little Peter" as he played on deck, asking strange questions and making droll remarks; his quickness and intelligence were remarkable for his years. His goat, his peacock, his pigeons, all received his attentions, and beguiled the tedium of the long voyage. The goat had a fantastic coat which was occasionally put on him for diversion, and in which he was led about the deck by his young owner. One day when feeding his pigeons they flew away and were seen no more. These childish incidents are mentioned to illustrate the remarkable tenacity of his memory even in old age, so that they could be recounted as if of recent occurrence; his friends who have heard him recount them will not soon forget the exuberance of his feelings—they were the feelings of the boy returned to the old man's bosom. One other incident may be worth recording. He had repeatedly expressed a desire to see the figure-head of the vessel; but his nurse, fearing lest he might fall overboard, would not gratify his

curiosity. Not to be balked in his purpose, he importuned the sailors to let him see it; one of them, without saying a word, carried him along the bowsprit, and after shewing him the figure-head, returned with him to the deck. This sailor-like freak was performed in the presence of his nurse, who shrieked in terror at the sight; as to the sailor and his young adventurer, they were as cool and unalarmed as if no perilous risk had been run. The voyage to England then occupied eighty days. What a change now, when it can be accomplished in ten! and Australia is now nearer to us than the West Indies was then. On the 26th July, 1786, the voyage was completed. The little voyager and his suite received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Sinclair and her daughters. The former took him up in her arms and kissed him. There was an unanimous opinion that he was "his mother's image." Nothing could surpass the joy which his arrival produced in the Wilmer portion of the family; but his advent was not unchallenged on the part of another. Mrs. Sinclair had a favourite dog; seeing his mistress fondling a stranger, and discarding himself, the dog flew at him in a rage, and was with difficulty kept from doing him injury. Such were the incidents of his arrival in London. "Little Peter" was soon at home among strangers; his young affections began

to entwine themselves around the hearts of those whose love and care were like those of a mother. His father occasionally sent his little boy a letter, printed with his own pen. The following is a copy of one dated 1788 :—

"DEAR PETER,

"I AM HAPPY TO HEAR YOU ARE A GOOD BOY AND HAVE RECEIVED THE PICTURES.

"GOD BLESS AND PRESERVE YOU, PRAYS,

"MY DEAR SON,

"YOUR LOVING FATHER,

"P. MURRAY."

"GRIZZY AND QUEENY ARE VERY WELL."

Nothwithstanding the receipt of these little missives from Jamaica, it was somewhat remarkable that the associations of his birth-place were soon effaced from his memory, so that he ceased to make any allusion to it. He remembered the voyage and its incidents, but nothing beyond; Even the remembrance of his father was obliterated, so that in one of his papers we find this sentence, "I never knew my father till I was ten years old."

CHAPTER II.

"Every person has two educations: one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."—*Gibbon.*

THE WILMER FAMILY—FAMILY EMBARRASSMENTS—REMOVAL TO YORKSHIRE—DEATH OF MAJOR SINCLAIR—EARLY EDUCATION AT SCARBOROUGH, AND AT KENSINGTON—DR. MURRAY'S FATHER AND SLAVERY—ST. ANDREW'S.

PETER MURRAY was now entirely under the care of Mrs. Sinclair and the Misses Wilmer. The first year of his residence with them was spent in the enjoyment of every luxury that wealth could give; he was regarded as the heir of the family, and was taught to expect that one day he would be very rich. There was an estate in Essex, as well as considerable property at Stoke Newington, which the boy was likely to inherit. We shall now see how his youthful prospects were blighted, and the hopes awakened in his mind were dashed to the ground. Major Sinclair well-nigh brought this family to ruin. We have already indicated the

recklessness of his expenditure, and the costly pleasures with which he made his step-daughters familiar. The family income would have been enough to meet all these demands, but a drain was made upon it in another way, which it could not stand. Major Sinclair became security for the electioneering expenses of his nephew, Sir John, who was ambitious to secure a seat in Parliament. This was in the days of "rotten boroughs," when large fortunes were sometimes spent in securing such an honour, and when candidates with the longest purse had the best chance of success. The expenses of this election were immense, and the Major was compelled to pay them. Vainly he attempted to evade the obligation; but the law was inexorable, and the exactors clamorous. Nothing could save him from disgrace but the possession of his wife's property. It would appear that this was accomplished without much difficulty: hardly knowing what she did, she was induced to put her signature to a document, by which she guaranteed the payment of her husband's debts. "I signed it," she said, "because the Major pressed me." By that one act, the greater portion of the property was lost for ever; the family that had lived in affluence was reduced to comparative poverty. To meet liabilities, the Essex estate had to be immediately sold; likewise the mansion at Ranelagh,

together with the furniture, plate, &c. What a sad and sudden change was this! and yet one not uncommon in human experience. Their wealth took to itself wings and flew away: their lands passed into the hands of strangers. Other occupants came into the old home and lived there. The fashionable friends who had stood by them in prosperity, turned away when adversity came; and now they were left to weep alone, among the ruins of their fortune.

But what of "little Peter" amid these troubles? Happily he was too young to enter into the meaning of them; he could only wonder at the strange grief which gathered on the countenances of his kindred. As to leaving the mansion at Ranelagh, it was only an incident in a little boy's history. After his arrival in England, his health was very delicate; many persons thought he never could be reared; they said he had not only his mother's looks but he had inherited her feeble constitution. Strange that this delicate child should become the man of fourscore years, of whom we write! Mrs. Mackenzie, who had been his nurse in Jamaica, remained in the same capacity in England; and but for her watchful care this tender plant had not been reared. He was precocious for his years; objects which other children would have passed unnoticed suggested questions which it was difficult to answer.

When unanswered, his young brain would not rest until it had found a solution of its own. This mental activity was very exhausting to his delicate frame, so that to keep him quiet, his nurse had frequently to conceal objects from his sight.

But the time was come when he must go forth with his kindred to share their misfortunes. Leaving their affairs to be managed by solicitors, the family left London for the North of England, taking "little Peter" with them. They had no fixed habitation, but lived in retirement, first at Beverley, then at Scarborough, and York. The house in York, where they resided for some time, is in Skeldergate. In this house Major Sinclair died. He had lived a fast life, and he came to his grave before his time, "a young old man." His name was scarcely ever mentioned by the family after he was gone: the associations that clustered around it must have been painful to them all. A few years before his own death, Dr. Murray pointed out to a friend the house in York which they occupied after their removal from London. One of the rooms he could never forget, he said, for he was taken into it when a child, to see the corpse of his step-grandfather. As for Mrs. Sinclair, she did not long survive her husband. The chequered scenes through which she had recently passed, left their dark shadows upon her spirit,

which deepened into the shadows of death. No further record is given of her.

The following memorandum is a stepping-stone to a new period of Peter Murray's life:—"Left Chelsea to reside at York, where, in the November following, my step-grandfather died, and then I came entirely under the love and more than maternal care of my aunt, Eliza Wilmer, to whom, by the great mercy of God, I owe my life, my all."

Who that reads this short yet touching record, but will feel sympathy for the child thus early introduced to the school of misfortune? But yet, all the troubles that happened were working for his good, directed by a Wisdom that cannot err. In after life, he frequently referred to the trials of his early days, with devout gratitude to God. To him they were "blessings in disguise." He was wont to say, "had not these troubles come, I should have been brought up in idleness and gaiety, and been of little use to society; my aunts would not likely have become the serious persons they were; but having nothing else to do, they devoted themselves to my welfare. I bless God for it all." Well was it for these sisters, that the loss of earthly treasure led them to seek those things that are above, and that when human props gave way, they began to trust in God! Well was it for this orphan child

that there was raised up such a friend as Eliza Wilmer, who lived for his sake! Fortunately, some portion of the family property was saved from the wreck, and she determined, with it, to educate her nephew. Towards his support the father could do nothing; his property in Jamaica was all lost.

It is not a little remarkable, that the first elements of Peter Murray's education were acquired in Scarborough,—the town where, twenty-five years after, he was to reside, where the most important period of his life was spent, and where he ended his days. Here is the brief record given by himself:—"1798, Scarborough — where I learnt writing, reading, &c., under Mr. Hornsey; and the rudiments of Latin, under the Rev. Samuel Bottomley; and then began to read, and enjoy, books of natural history, and to collect various objects, still preserved. My first half guinea was laid out in purchasing the second edition of Bewick's Quadrupeds."

He was now only eight years of age, and truly the well-known adage, "the child is father of the man," was illustrated in him. His taste for natural history was early developed; it increased with his years, and continued till he died. We shall have occasion, in a subsequent chapter, to refer to his acquirements in this and other branches of natural science. Little did this boy know, as

he searched the shore for sea-weeds, or the fields for flowers, or the woods for birds' nests, that these were to be his favourite haunts in after-life; where, alone, he often studied the works of nature, and "turned from nature up to nature's God."

In the year 1792, he removed with his aunt to London, and was sent to a school at Kensington, kept by Dr. Thompson. The studies pursued while there may be inferred from the school books which bear his name, and were preserved in his library until his death. They consisted of English, classics, and mathematics. He was not a boarder, but returned each day after the school, to the residence of his aunt. This arrangement was a happy one; it soon became evident that home influences were required, to neutralize the baneful influences of the school. Discipline was lax there, and though the pupils, for the most part, were the sons of gentlemen, their morals were far from being good. In after-life, Peter Murray often recalled these school-days with horror, saying "It would have been better for me had I never been there at all." Happily, his continuance at this school was not of long duration. Pecuniary considerations necessitated a change. Miss Wilmer found the expense too great for her limited means. When this fact became known to Dr. Thompson, he kindly proposed a reduction of his charges; but Miss Wilmer was

glad of the opportunity to withdraw her nephew from the school, and to remove to some other neighbourhood, where his education could be secured on less costly terms, and without injury to his morals.

About this period (1795,) the father of Peter Murray returned from Jamaica, but so altered in appearance, that his friends hardly recognized him. The lapse of years, the climate, and the arduous duties of his profession, had shattered his health both mentally and physically. He appeared only a wreck of what he was. There was, therefore, less wonder that the son was unable to recognize his own father.

The question has frequently been asked, "Whether, during the father's residence in Jamaica, he had not been an owner of slaves?" We have deemed it a duty to investigate this point thoroughly, and to set the truth clearly before the world. The conclusion we have arrived at is in the affirmative. But let us not judge of the matter from our present standpoint. Let it be remembered that slavery was then one of the legalized institutions of the island, as well as of other British possessions. Public opinion had not been aroused to the enormity of the sin of slavery committed against God and man. The eloquent denunciations of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Brougham, had not then been

heard, in our public assemblies, against this infernal system. Even good men's consciences were benumbed on the subject, so that they never felt the iniquity of it, till the light of reason and of Scripture was let in upon them. Thank God! this foul blot, on our national escutcheon, was effaced on that memorable day, when the people rose in their majesty and might, and having flung down twenty millions of gold, at the slaveholders' feet, they demanded in the name of religion and humanity, that slavery should die! It is dead in British territory; it is dying on the American continent, and throughout the world. May the time soon come when slavery everywhere shall be no more! But in Jamaica, at the time we refer to, it was considered no more a sin to purchase a slave, than in England to hire a domestic servant. We believe Peter Murray's father owned slaves. The negro servant "John" who came over to England, in 1786, was undoubtedly a slave; but the fact, that he was sent to this country, was unmistakable evidence that his relation to his master was not that inhuman servitude that was maintained on the sugar plantations. In sending him to England, his master knew that he forfeited every legal title to own him. For

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England!
> If their lungs receive our air,
> That moment they are free:
> They touch our country and their shackles fall."

This negro remained in England for several years, a faithful servant in the Wilmer family. When misfortune befell them, he was sent back to Jamaica, a free man. A fellow of the name of Nasmith, however, hearing of the family's embarrassments, wrote to Peter Murray, offering him a bribe; he said, "grant me permission to seize the negro when he lands in Jamaica, I will immediately turn him into money, and I promise you £100 as your share in the transaction." Perhaps in the circumstances, the temptation was a strong one, but the proposal was promptly rejected with unconcealed indignation. It was the price of blood, and he would not defile his hands with the accursed thing.

The question has also been asked "whether part of Peter Murray's property was not originally derived from slavery?" The answer is decidedly in the negative. When his father returned from Jamaica, he brought no property with him; he had lost his all. He henceforth became dependent upon his friends for support. The son used to say, "all the property I had from my father, consisted of the silver buckles which he wore on his knee-breeches and on his shoes. These relics are still preserved.

After leaving Kensington, it was a matter of deep anxiety with Miss Wilmer, where she should reside. Two important conditions had to be considered in

making such an arrangement; one was the education of her nephew; the other was moderate expense in living. This latter condition was the more important now, as her brother-in-law, Dr. Murray, had come to reside with her, and was entirely dependent upon her for support. St. Andrew's, Scotland, was thought to combine these two advantages. Its University had long been celebrated, not only from the eminent men who filled its chairs; but from the distinguished scholars who had been educated within its walls. Thither their steps were directed, which circumstance is recorded in the brief memorandum subjoined:—"Removed to St. Andrew's with my beloved Aunt Wilmer, also with my father, now in a very broken state mentally and bodily. There, with my cousin, Miss Faussett, we remained in happiness and contentment till 1799."

When Peter Murray commenced his studies at St. Andrews, he was only 12 years of age. Seldom now-a-days do we find a student, so young, enter upon a University course. The course embraced Latin, Greek, and mathematics, to which last, he says, "I was devotedly attached, as well, or even more ardently, to zoology." No stronger evidence could be given of his intellectual vigour than his being able to master the lectures of the class-room, and to compete for University honours

with students who were his seniors in age. He began to feel the responsibility of his own position, and that his future success must depend upon his present diligence. He felt that his education was a heavy tax upon the kindness of his aunt, and he resolved that as soon as possible he would earn a livelihood for himself. Would that many of the youths at our Universities felt as this boy did! rising in the spirit of a noble independence, they would resolve to become themselves the architects of their own fortunes! For the want of such a stimulus we know young men who have let their college-days slip away unimproved, and they have emerged into life totally unfit for its duties. It would be to the advantage of not a few, were they in early life placed in the circumstances of Peter Murray.

But it was not merely to the work of the class-room that he devoted his mind and heart; he found leisure to prosecute the study of natural history, not only in books, but by practical investigation; his walks along the sea shore were generally in connection with scientific research. In this way, and by his own unaided talent, he acquired an intimate knowledge of the mollusca and actinia in that neighbourhood. Several essays were written by him in which his opinions were embodied, and sundry peculiarities were pointed out, touching those "animal flowers." One of these essays he ven-

tured to send to a learned society in Edinburgh, then known as the Academie de Physiques; it was read at one of their meetings, and excited much attention from the members; they were struck with the originality of the essayist's observations and his deep acquaintance with the subject upon which he wrote. One of the chief ornaments of this society was the well-known linguist and poet, Dr. John Leyden. On his personal recommendation, Peter Murray was unanimously elected a corresponding member of the society. This unexpected honour was conveyed in the following letter:—

"*Edinburgh, April 29th*, 1798.

"Sir,

"The Academy of Physics having elected you a corresponding member, as one of the committee—appointed to transact the business of the corresponding secretary during his absence,—I give you this information, and enclose your admission ticket. The Academy will always be happy to receive from you any literary communications. You are perfectly acquainted with the objects of the Institution, as proposed by Mr. Leyden. It is unnecessary to point out to you any particular object of investigation; if, however, during your residence at St. Andrew's, you have cultivated the study of that link of nature which unites so nearly the animal with the vegetable kingdoms—the zoophytes and the algæ, you will much oblige the members of the Academy by presenting them with a list of such as are found on that part of the coast, and favour them with your observations on these various productions.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"F. SKRIMSHIRE."

Such an honour was highly flattering to a boy of fifteen years old: it gave an impetus to his studies in natural history; it stimulated him to independent research, and increased his confidence in his own judgment. A wide field was open to him in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, which he diligently explored, as much as his college duties would permit. Seldom did he return from his walks, without some new specimen to add to his collection. These he arranged and classified, jotting down any new idea that occurred, to be afterwards expanded and transmitted to the Academy of Physics. He had great skill in preserving his specimens, especially fishes; it was by a method peculiarly his own. Some of them still exist, and seem as fresh as if but recently manipulated. His devotedness to this branch of knowledge, however, nearly cost him his life. One day, he was returning from a shooting excursion along the shore, but instead of coming by the links, he continued his path by the sands; not giving heed to the state of the tide, he found himself surrounded on every side, and all connexion with the shore cut off. Vainly he attempted to make his way through the water; the waves rolled in and well nigh swept him away. Returning to the spot which he had left, he

made signals for help. It was a time of fearful anxiety. A few minutes more and his standing-ground would have been submerged, and himself buried in the depths of the sea. Providentially, his perilous position was discovered by a female some distance from the shore, who speedily gave the alarm, and brought help to his rescue. To this woman's exertions he owed his life. Before he reached home, the news had been carried that he was drowned! As might be expected, his relatives were plunged into the deepest grief; but soon their grief was changed into rapturous joy when he walked into the house, with his gun on his shoulder! This gun, for many years, hung over the mantel-piece in his study, at Belle Vue; and in remembrance of his narrow escape, it was designated "St. Andrew's." What his religious feelings were, at the time, we have no means of judging, but, in after years, he recounted this special mercy of God with overflowing gratitude:—"But for the interposition of Divine Providence," he said, "I should have entered the eternal world, unprepared to meet my God." Many years after, he made a tour in Scotland, in company with a friend, and at his special request, they turned aside to St. Andrew's, that he might revisit the scenes of his early days. "It was affecting,"

says his friend, "to see the deep emotions of his heart, as he pointed out the very spot where he was delivered from impending death." This deliverance put a song of praise into his lips, which he sung during the rest of his days. Thus he could say,—

"The thoughts of my heart, they are known,
All known, to the Guide of my youth;
He never hath left me alone,
To question His love or His truth.

"Till now. He has prospered my course,
And greatly exceeded my prayer;
He still is the blessed Resource,
To which I can ever repair.

"Our lives and our times are with Him,
Who sees from the first to the last;
He filleth my cup to the brim,
Or empties my vessel as fast.

"His purpose and love are the same,
Whatever the change I may find;
A trifle may alter my frame,
But nothing unsettles His mind."

CHAPTER III.

"Natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study: and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience."—*Bacon.*

MEDICAL STUDIES AT EDINBURGH—FELLOW STUDENTS AND CONTEMPORARIES—BOTANICAL EXCURSIONS—SCEPTICISM—SIFTS THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES—INTELLECTUAL BELIEF—EXAMINATION AND DIPLOMA.

THE studies hitherto pursued by Peter Murray had no definite plan or object as regards his future occupation. Having completed four years at St. Andrew's, it became necessary for him to make choice of a profession in life. His predilection for scientific subjects indicated that his choice should be one that would afford scope for his peculiar talents. But that which weighed most with him, was the express desire of his kindred, that he should follow the profession of his father. As soon as this decision was made, arrangements were completed for his removal to

Edinburgh, in order to begin his curriculum. Of course, his removal thither involved that of his aunt, and the other members of the family. The house they occupied, in Edinburgh, was situated in Reid's Court, Canongate; a locality which had some pretensions to respectability in former days, but now is tenanted by the poorest inhabitants. It had the advantage of being near the University, and very moderate in price. On the 31st October, 1799, he entered upon his first session in Edinburgh. He studied Pharmacy and Dietetics, under Professor Home; Anatomy and Surgery, under Professor Barclay; Medicina Practica, under Professor Gregory; Clinical Surgery, under Professor H. Duncan, as well as the lectures at the Royal Infirmary. The same diligence and perseverance that characterized his studies at St. Andrew's were conspicuous at Edinburgh, and contributed to his success as a medical student. Here he also found time to pursue other branches of knowledge, not immediately included in the prescribed course. The following notes, written by his own hand, we give at full length, as illustrative of his occupations at this period:—

"I specially applied myself to chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. In the two latter studies I had an instructor, and most intimate friend, in Mr. John Murray, the very able

public lecturer. My botanical pursuits were aided and kept in ardour by the admirable Mr. Mackay, whose early death was truly a loss to the science, and especially to its young aspirants. I became, also, a not inactive member of the Natural History Society, where I was associated, to my honour and advantage, with Dr. Kennedy, the well-known coadjutor with Sir James Hall, in establishing, by rigid analysis, the identity of basalt with lava. Besides Dr. Kennedy, I was then intimate with other members of the society, since of high celebrity; as Henry, now Lord Brougham, Sir George Mackenzie, Professor Jameson, the assistant of the good Dr. Walker, professor of natural history."

Brought into close contact with men of such distinguished ability, Peter Murray's position, as a student, was no ordinary one. It is also worthy of notice, that his associates in study continued his most intimate friends in after life; he was frequently a guest at their houses, and when connection with the University ceased, friendship was kept up by regular correspondence: his acquaintance with Lord Brougham was, from time to time, renewed by personal intercourse. Another extract, from his notes, we give at length:—

"Two of my intimate friends among the medical students were James Wardrop, afterwards so deservedly eminent as an oculist, and the author of several admirable works upon diseases of the *cornea*, and likewise on *fungus hæmatodes*. Another was Thomas Stewart Trail, a man in after years highly distinguished and widely known, both as a man and a chemical philosopher; also the able professor of medical jurisprudence in the University itself. And let me not omit a third friend, Dr. John Bacon, though much my junior, after-

wards in extensive practice in Cheltenham, and the able author of 'The Life of Jenner,' his intimate friend. Another valued associate, not a medical student, was Mr. Cadell, a gentleman some years my senior, and of handsome fortune, well known by his learned and scientific investigations of the marbles used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in building and sculpture."

It is a common saying, "a man is known by the company he keeps." Judged by this standard, the young student, at Edinburgh, must have exhibited no common abilities to be so intimately associated with such eminent individuals.

Much of his spare time was devoted to botanical study, which he pursued with all the zeal of an enthusiast. It was highly conducive both to mental and physical health. How refreshing to him to leave the noise and smoke of the Canongate for a day's ramble in the country in pursuit of knowledge!—to close for a day human books, and to study the volume of Nature! In summer, the Saturday was generally spent in some botanical excursion. Sometimes a fellow-student, of congenial tastes, was selected as his companion. At early dawn they would set out, with staff in hand, and specimen case upon their shoulders. Perhaps they took the road leading to the Pentland Hills, and there, among the quiet valleys and pastoral uplands, they would

sometimes wander into forbidden places, or descend precipitous rocks to gather some coveted flower that was "wasting its sweetness in the desert air." To reach some rare plant and add it to their Flora, was to them ample compensation for all their toil. In one of those country excursions he lost his way and was benighted on the road, so that he did not reach home till midnight. He found his aunt greatly alarmed on account of his long absence. She was about to set out in search of him. Her imagination depicted him lying dead in some moss bog, or bleeding at the bottom of some wild ravine, beyond the reach of human succour. That day he had walked upwards of thirty miles, and when he retired to rest his fatigue was so great that he could not sleep. Such is a specimen of one of his adventures. If he did not always return with some new specimen, at least he felt his mind braced, by the exercise, for college duties. "Meanwhile," he says, "I applied myself steadily to my medical studies, labouring hard and dutiously, as unto God, to be enabled to pass my great examination in May, 1802, and to be entitled to the honour of M.D."

It will be seen from the foregoing that his studies were chiefly of a scientific character, and had special reference to the attainment of his

Degree. Notwithstanding, he diligently kept up his acquaintance with classical literature. Many schoolboys are satisfied if they have plodded through such books at school, and they are thankful when they are done with them for ever. This cannot be said of Peter Murray; he regarded his studies at St. Andrew's and Edinburgh as only a means to an end—as the foundation on which he might afterwards build a structure of sound knowledge: hence in private he read with avidity the best classical works, and made himself master of their varied contents. Eagerly he availed himself of the advantages afforded by the splendid library of the University. Not many of his fellow students exhibited such a thirst for ancient lore, or shewed such aptitude in acquiring it. "I did not (he says) neglect either English or French literature, and greatly improved my knowledge of Latin, not merely by reading the best authors—especially my favourite historian Tacitus, and poets Horace and Virgil—but likewise, by often conversing with some of my fellow-students in that language in our walks."

The books above referred to, he was able to read fluently in his old age. We have frequently seen him with a Latin work in his hand, and nothing delighted him more than to converse with a friend who was familiar with its contents, and

could recite lines or sentences from its classic pages.

Up to this point in Peter Murray's history, but little reference is made to spiritual things. Did we not know that this deficiency will be amply supplied in a subsequent chapter, we should have much less interest in tracing his career. Whatever were his attainments in literature and science, they might have been left without any special record. Many have far excelled him in these pursuits, and have passed away unnoticed and unknown; but who that knew him well will not testify that all his attainments and endowments were, in an eminent degree, consecrated to God? They were all woven into a chaplet, and placed on the brow of our holy religion: they formed the background of the picture which threw out into prominence his subsequent Christian life.

His first distinct reference to religion is given in the following note:—"When between my fourteenth and fifteenth years, by reading several controversial works, *pro et con*, upon the evidences of revealed religion, and especially as to the truth of Christianity, doubts were infused into my inexperienced but inquiring mind." From the "doubts" here mentioned, we are not to suppose that he had previously any deep convictions, or any practical experience of religion in his heart.

Like many others, he had been taught to regard Christianity as divine; from his earliest years he had been familiar with the Scriptures, so that up till now their genuineness and authenticity had never been questioned. The circumstances that led to his doubts can be easily accounted for. Scotland had long occupied a high position among the nations for scriptural knowledge and domestic piety, but at this time a spirit of religious scepticism was rife in some of the Universities, and men of intellect and erudition, instead of defending Christianity, were frequently its open assailants. Especially was this the case in the city of Edinburgh, which was then the seat of a band of philosophers and sceptics, under whose auspices the Edinburgh Review was, shortly after, ushered into the world. The literary position of some of these men gave to their assaults upon Christianity an importance which otherwise they would not have possessed. The influence exerted on many of the youth at the University was most injurious. No doubt some, by being shaken in their belief, emerged from a state of doubt more firmly grounded in Christianity; but others broke away from the moorings of their early faith, and were shipwrecked and lost. It is a matter of thankfulness to know that Peter Murray's religious experience comes under the first of these classes,

but it is evident that during his season of doubt, religion was regarded by him as a thing having simply to do with the human intellect, not with the heart.

"I resolved," he said, "to sift the evidences, and for about three years did I eagerly, but dispassionately, examine everything, for and against, striving to do so as I would any question of science or history, although with a hope that the doctrines of a future state, and of salvation might be proved."

In this extract we may plainly see the pride of human intellect, setting itself up as a competent judge of God's revealed plan of mercy. Instead of at once accepting salvation on God's own terms, proud reason must first consign it to the crucible, and analyse its properties and test its ingredients, before it can be accepted! This is a method of procedure too frequently adopted by scholarly men, but from which less cultivated minds are happily exempt. How often the saying of Christ is illustrated, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." How much easier when the anxious inquirer lets the Christian evidences and doctrines alone, and goes direct to Christ! To believe in Him, and to love

Him is the key to the treasury of Divine knowledge. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Who has not read of the oft-repeated attempts to trace the Nile to its source? The method commonly adopted has been to commence at the confluence, and to travel along the margin of the river into the interior of Africa. Nothing but disastrous failure has attended this method. What is the course latterly adopted? The traveller has attempted first to cross the African continent—he has assayed to reach *the source* as a starting point. What then? Unexpectedly, he has come in sight of the Victoria Nyanza, and gazed with wonder on its ample waters. Thus beginning at the fountain head, he has followed the natural course of the river to the ocean, and signal success has crowned the enterprise. Would that men would adopt a similar method in their examination into the truth of the Christian religion. Instead of lingering among the external evidences, let them first come as humble penitents to the Saviour's feet; beginning *there*, all theoretical difficulties would disappear. They would find themselves on the bosom of a majestic river, whose source is in heaven, and which would float them in safety into everlasting rest.

Peter Murray's investigations into the Christian evidences were long and laborious, but during this period he seems never to have been conscious of the depravity of his heart, and of his need of the Holy Ghost to make him "a new creature in Christ Jesus." He was therefore left to grope his way, by his own unaided reason, from a state of religious scepticism, into one of intellectual belief.

Amongst his papers there is an elaborate essay written about this period. It is entitled "The Possibility of a Revelation, deduced from the leading Attributes of God." A few extracts will shew the steps of the argument and the conclusions that he arrived at:—

"I shall conceive the existence to be granted of one First Cause, the intelligent Producer of all things, called God. Now, a being forming any one thing or combination of things, with connection between parts or elements, must himself have some moral qualities or attributes, and those qualities are undoubtedly to be discovered in his works.

"A Creator can only be demonstrated from the works of design traced out by observations in the natural world, and consequently, if a Final cause be proved, he must be both wise and intelligent: hence the prime and most apparent attribute of the Deity is Wisdom.

"Another property is Benevolence, which is proved by many indisputable impressions of benevolent intentions in nature, e.g.:—In northern climes we see the absence of the sun during their long night of winter supplied by the brilliancy of the meteors and the reflected light of the snow. Another instance, not very dissimilar, is the provision made in the relative distance of the satellites of planets from the sun; that distance is

evidently in a nice ratio, and according to the need of the inhabitants of each particular orb. In the animated part of nature, we see benevolence in the great pleasure accompanying the gratification of the palate. If mere maintenance had only been designed, no need had there been of such exquisite enjoyments, nor of so fine a nervous system to the organs of taste. Again, in the lavish provision of juicy fruits and pungent spices in tropical regions, the first are admirably adapted to the refreshment of the parched inhabitants, and to act as a grateful refrigerant and aperient on a state of body approaching to unceasing fever; the second affords to all classes a cheap and adequate stimulant to the stomach exhausted by the excessive heat of the climate, and of course not able readily to digest food. Again, in the prevalent colour, green, in the vegetation of the earth: it is the most suited to the sight of animated creatures. The succession of fruits and vegetables gives a pleasing variation to the diet of animals, and thus prevents satiety. In the sports of certain young animals, such as the lamb. In the experience of pleasure and pain, indicating the very exquisite sensibility with which the human frame is gifted. Every part of the natural world seems to be occupied by that form of matter best adapted to it, and we find that every sensitive agent filling such a part has an organization specially adapted to the same, and thus benevolence is conjoined with Wisdom in the allotment of every form and station. In the varied clothing of animals at different seasons of the year—for here the comfort and enjoyments of the creature are assuredly considered, and not merely the preservation of the species.

"But presuming that the attribute of Benevolence is established, and that the intention of the Maker is the happiness of his creatures, we find in the case of *man*, that his rational powers are highly conducive to this end. Man stands superior to his fellow animals in possessing a faculty of combining and contrasting the perceptions which he receives through the external senses, which power, if possessed at all by any other animated class, is in so small, so imperfect a degree, that hardly can it be dignified with the same name—he possesses memory, judgment, imagination, reason, conscience, &c. Man's faculties are susceptible of gradual improvement—all other animals are stationary. But his reason is easily obscured or perverted, so

that good becomes to him evil, and evil good. What can prevent or correct the unavoidable disorder and misery which must ensue? What but a law of conduct strengthened by impressive rewards and penalties! And if God be indeed good and wise, he will not refuse a rule of conduct so essential to the well-being of his creatures. This rule is set forth in Revelation. But is the Revelation set before us divine? If so, there will be a coincidence between the attributes therein ascribed to its author and those ascribed to the Creator of the universe. If Revelation and Nature both come from the same God, they will have decided marks of the same hand. One will not differ from the other, but will agree in a beautiful and entire harmony in every part. The true law of a benevolent and all-wise Creator will necessarily enjoin universal benevolence and its dependent, beneficence, upon his creatures. Sincere good will and a reciprocity in acts of compassion, consolation and assistance, would become his worshippers; and those acts of love and charity would be performed, not from mere duty and rigid obedience, but from love to the common Father of Nature."

After deducing various principles from the two grand attributes of Deity, viz., goodness and wisdom, he proceeds to compare the various religious systems of worship and morals, which yet survive the lapse of ages:—

"We perceive three only which acknowledge the unity of the Creator;—Judaism, Christianity, Mahometanism. In reference to the first: the whole conduct of God, announced in the Pentateuch, vinces exceeding love, forbearance, and mercy. The goodness of God is repeatedly alluded to in the song of Moses, recorded in the 32nd chap. of Deuteronomy; by the prophet Jonah, in his last chapter; by David, in many of the Psalms. In all the various institutions, rites, ceremonies, and laws belonging to that economy, the goodness of God is distinctly recognised. In reference to Christianity; Judaism is but as the scaffolding to the permanent building. When the building is completed, the temporary scaffolding must be taken down. The benevolence of the Deity is the very ground-work

of the religion of Christ, the whole scheme being founded on the attribute, conjoined with justice. If the religion of Jesus Christ may be characterised by one single quality, it will be by the ennobling one of benevolence: hence, most numerous are the injunctions to humanity and charity, both from Himself and His Apostles. Thus we find, that Christianity corresponds, in moral precepts, with those which are analogous to the leading attributes of the Creator, impressed on creation. In reference to Mahometanism: the grand attributes of wisdom and benevolence are explicitly ascribed to the Deity, and are repeatedly asserted throughout the Koran. But the creed of Mahomet was propagated by the sword. Was this the error of his followers, or did it originate from the violence and obstinacy of his opponents? The Koran is minutely examined and abundant evidence given that it inculcates force, and breathes a spirit of cruelty, malice, and revenge. Here the statutes promulgated are contrary to the Divine attributes laid down—they contradict each other. Besides, the whole system has a narrow locality, adapted chiefly to the climate and manners of Arabia—unlike Christianity, it is not adapted to the world.

"The end of the Christian creed is peace and universal charity and happiness. Its aspect is mild, unassuming, and placable: the effects of its uncorrupted word are to extend civilization far beyond all other systems.

"As there must exist one true revealed will of the Creator, if he be benevolent, hence this, which most nearly agrees with the conclusions premised from his prime attributes, and which coincides on ever point of moment, is deserving of credence; and, accordingly, I sum up this inquiry by declaring my belief that, the religion of Jesus Christ is the will of the Creator of all visible things."

From the above imperfect epitome of his investigations into revealed religion, we at least see that they were prosecuted with great diligence and labour, and though the whole process was simply one of intellect, yet the conclusion was thus far satisfactory—"the religion of Jesus Christ is Divine and worthy of all acceptation."

"This happy result, (he says,) was indeed providential, taking place at the end of 1799, my first medical session, and enabling me thus to encounter the sceptical, nay, indeed, infidel opinions then generally entertained by the larger number of my fellow medical students, and even of many to whom we looked up to, deservedly, by station, talent, and celebrity. Had I not been in some degree armed and prepared, I must, humanly speaking, have been surprised and struck down. One interrogation put to me by one very much my superior, in age and acquirements, may shew my danger: he asked me—'Murray, are you really then a Christian?' Yes! I firmly replied; then he said, '*I respect, but pity your weakness.*'"

Notwithstanding this distinct avowal of his belief in Christianity, let not the reader suppose that he was at this time converted to God; a belief in Christianity is one thing, but a belief in Christ is another thing. Alas! how many in every age have confounded the one with the other. We have an admirable summary of the doctrines Christianity embodied in what is termed the "The Apostles' Creed," but how many can repeat this creed, in the public worship of the Sanctuary, who have no corresponding sentiments in their hearts! There may be, a verbal or an intellectual, assent to the truths therein set forth, but if the truths themselves be not rooted in the soul, by the spirit God, there can be no personal salvation secured. It is possible for men to be lulled to sleep in the cradle of a dead formalism with the very creed upon their lips. We are told that "Devils believe and tremble." Believe what?

Believe all the truths and doctrines of Christianity but they are not changed in heart. No, they remain for ever outcasts from the presence of their God. Oh! let it never be forgotten that mere intellectual assent is not enough to salvation, that nothing but a personal interest in the blood of Jesus Christ can save the soul from death. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x, 10.

That we do not misrepresent Peter Murray's sentiments on this vital question, may be gathered from the following note:—

"Let me, however, subjoin this statement—my conviction only led to little more than a mere historical belief, not to a saving and inward knowledge."

What then, the reader may ask, were the obstacles in his way to the possession of this "saving and inward knowledge?" The obstacles were in himself. The word of God had addressed his outward ear—"My son, give me thine heart," but as yet there was no personal surrender of the heart to God. Though his judgment was convinced, his heart would not yield; his reason gave in its assent, but the conscience was unawakened. Attired in the rags of his own self-righteousness, he saw no need to submit to the righteousness of Christ. Standing on the elevation of his

own personal virtues, he thought no danger could come nigh him, and that the warning voice—"Flee from the wrath to come," must be addressed to the openly wicked, but surely not to such as himself. It may be that there was disquiet in his soul, and a conscious need of Christ as the only source of his salvation, but he hesitated to come to the feet of Jesus as a little child. To quote his own words,—"Pride, the cares of this life, eagerness for fame, and ardent scientific pursuits, were all stumbling blocks, and drew me continually away."

During the time of these religious inquiries he still pursued his studies with a view to his Degree. It was a goal which he strenuously endeavoured to reach, for on its attainment the success of his professional career depended. We doubt not it was to this glittering prize he alluded in the above extract, which, he says, "drew him continually away" from a nobler prize set before him in the gospel. His position at this time reminds us of another student in similar circumstances, and almost in the same year. When Henry Martyn was at Cambridge, his goal was that of senior wrangler; his biographer writes, "Had he altogether failed his temporal interests would have materially suffered;" he himself writes, "I pursued my studies in which I was absorbed, so intensely, that the

time I gave them seemed not to be a portion of my existence; the eagerness with which I looked forward to the approaching examination betrayed a heart not dead to the world." After the goal was reached, he wrote again, "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." Peter Murray's feelings at Edinburgh, in looking forward to his examination, were akin to those of Henry Martyn at Cambridge. For weeks his studies absorbed everything else; often he sat by the midnight lamp, till the morning light stole in through the lattice. The examination took place in May, 1802. With fear and trembling he entered the presence of his examiners, but the questions submitted were quite within the scope of his knowledge, so that acquiring confidence as he proceeded, he passed with honour. In addition to this ordeal he had still another to pass. It was the custom of the University then, to require of each candidate a Latin essay on some important subject of natural science. The one assigned to him was "De Aëribus," or The Gases. This thesis was prepared with much care, and being read with effect, secured the hearty commendation of the examiners. It was afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet, a copy of which is before me now. It is dedicated to "Maxwell Garthshore, M.D., Societ. Reg. Lond et Edin. Socio."

Having completed his medical studies at the University, there was yet wanted that which would crown them, and give them weight in the opinion of the world,—we mean his Doctor's Degree.

The conferring of his degree took place on the 24th of June. It was a red letter day in his history. It was a reward for all his diligence and labour in the past. The ceremony took place with all academical display, in the largest hall of the University. There were present the Senate, the Faculty, and the Town Council, together with the friends of the successful candidates. Their names having been read aloud, the Very Rev. the Principal requested each to come forward. He then placed a cap on their heads, as a symbol of the honour conferred. Thus the youth of nineteen years was pronounced to be Doctor of Medicine, and henceforth he is designated *Doctor Murray*.

His aunt was kept in ignorance both of the expected examination and of its successful issue, till all was over. He wished to save her any anxiety of mind beforehand, and to take her by surprise afterwards. Judge then of his delight and of her surprise, when entering her room she found his diploma spread out before her eyes!

CHAPTER IV.

"His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man."

LONDON—INTRODUCTIONS TO SIR HUMPHREY DAVY AND SIR JOSEPH BANKS—FINSBURY DISPENSARY—REMOVAL TO YORKSHIRE—KNARESBOROUGH—HARROGATE—PERSONAL FRIENDS AND REMINISCENCES—HAREWOOD HOUSE—CHEMICAL EVIDENCE AT A TRIAL FOR MURDER—P. HAWKRIDGE—LOVE AFFAIR—COMMENCEMENT OF SPIRITUAL LIFE—REV. ANDREW CHEAP—LEAVES KNARESBOROUGH—TESTIMONIAL.

HAVING taken his Degree at Edinburgh, Dr. Murray was now legally qualified to begin medical practice. Several of his contemporaries proceeded at once from the University to commence as general practitioners, but his plans were different. It was his determination to enter upon his professional career only as a pure physician: his extreme youth, however, stood in the way of its accomplishment. By some of his intimate friends

he was advised to remain another year at the University, but his answer was that "the expense was more than his aunt could afford, and that he could not bear to be dependent upon her any longer." It was therefore thought better that he should seek some professional sphere where his experience might be improved, and which might contribute to his support. London was considered the widest and most inviting sphere, and the proposal to remove thither was warmly seconded by his aunt, who hoped that her family influence might procure him friends in the metropolis. The Canongate of Edinburgh was therefore exchanged for Sloane-street, Chelsea. There he was cordially received by Dr. Garthshore, a physician of some repute, and to whom his inaugural thesis, at Edinburgh, had been dedicated. This gentleman was an old friend of Dr. Murray's father, and it afforded him much pleasure to show kindness to the son for the father's sake. Among several advantages derived from this acquaintance, not the least was a personal introduction to Mr. (afterwards Sir Humphrey) Davy, of whom Cuvier in his "Eloge" says,—"Mr. Davy, not yet thirty-two years of age, occupied, in the opinion of all who could judge of such labours, the first rank among the chemists of this or of any other age." This distinguished philosopher, in his early days, had

many difficulties to contend with. He had been an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Penzance, and by his own unaided effort worked his way to such a position of eminence that at the age of twenty-two he was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London. He was therefore from personal experience well able to sympathise with a young man like Dr. Murray, struggling with difficulties, and devoted to the pursuit of science. Most generously did Mr. Davy take the young physician by the hand, and promise him every assistance. He gave him the free use of his own laboratory at the Royal Institution, in which to perform any chemical experiments. He also furnished him gratultously with all the necessary tests, and in addition to his own personal suggestions, he permittted him the help of an able and experienced assistant.

It was also Dr. Murray's happiness to be introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, at that time president of the Royal Society, which office he held for forty-two years. Sir Joseph had also raised himself from obscurity to this high position. He had in early life sailed with Captain Cook round the world in the capacity of naturalist, and had written the botanical description of the first voyages. As a naturalist he stood unrivalled in this country. Many travellers, such as Blumenthal,

Hornemann, Burchhardt, Mungo Park, and others, were greatly indebted to him for zealous and disinterested assistance. His splendid library of natural history was placed at the service of all who desired to consult it. Indeed no man of science ever appealed to him in vain. Sir Joseph seeing the ardour displayed by Dr. Murray for such pursuits, took a special interest in him, and gave him all the help he could. This connection with the Royal Institution was of immense benefit to the young physician. If in any branches of science he was afterwards more proficient than in others, they were chemistry and natural history: for the former, he had to thank Sir Humphrey Davy, for the latter, Sir Joseph Banks.

After enjoying these advantages for some time at the Royal Institution, his next endeavour was to obtain an appointment in some public hospital. Not long after this the post of assistant physician, at the Finsbury Dispensary, became vacant. This was considered an eligible opening for any young man of ability, and Dr. Murray accordingly became a candidate for it. Backed by the highest testimonials and personal recommendations, the appointment was at once secured. This situation proved as valuable to him in a medical capacity as his connection with the Royal Institution had been in the departments of chemistry and natural

history. Here he was brought into daily intercourse with the talented Dr. John Reid, who then occupied the post of senior physician, and was by him regarded as a young man of great professional accomplishments. In cases that required special treatment, Dr. Reid showed a generous desire to afford his assistant every opportunity for the display of his skill, never interfering with his methods of treatment, except under special circumstances. The Dispensary was situated in the midst of a large population, and embraced the surrounding districts of Smithfield, Saffron Hill, and Clerkenwell. Almost every form of disease came under his medical treatment. Persons unable to attend at the Dispensary were visited at their own dwellings, and those visits were as regularly and conscientiously paid as if they were to the dwellings of the rich. It was a work of great mental and physical fatigue, and one which sometimes involved considerable risk. At one time small-pox, typhus, and scarlatina, fearfully raged in those districts. Multitudes were carried off, and a kind of panic took possession of the inhabitants. Yet, he bravely discharged his onerous duties, and was everywhere found ministering to the sick and calming the fears of the timid. Nor did he take any credit to himself for so doing—he was simply discharging his duty;

but he took occasion to record the good providence of God, by whom he was preserved from contagion. This was indeed a school where both his skill and benevolence were largely exercised, and in which he was preparing himself for a sphere of usefulness elsewhere. As the salary attached to this situation was almost nominal, it was not likely that he could long remain in it. Being still dependent upon his aunt's resources, he felt more than ever anxious to earn a livelihood for himself.

Whether in this state of anxiety he looked up to God for direction we know not; but certain we are, God was not unmindful of him, and was even now opening a way for him that he knew not, as the following incident will show:—One day, Miss Wilmer happened to be walking in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, when she met an old friend whom she had not seen for many years. After conversing about the misfortunes that had befallen her family, she said, "I am very anxious to hear of an opening for my nephew, who has completed his studies as a physician, and is at present connected with the Finsbury Dispensary." "Dear me!" replied Mrs. ——, "it is rather singular, but I have just received a letter from a friend in Yorkshire, in which he says, 'there is an opening here for a respectable physician; if

you should happen to hear of any one, please let me know.' "

To some persons this interview might appear purely accidental, but there is every reason why we should recognise the hand of God in it, for the result of it was his resignation of the Finsbury Dispensary, and his removal to Knaresborough, which circumstance formed a new epoch in his life. This decision, however, was not made without anxious deliberation, arising partly from a letter that subsequently came from a friend in Scarborough, strongly urging him to settle there. It was urged that Knaresborough was by no means such an inviting field as had been represented, and that Scarborough was much to be preferred. Thus the two towns with which his future life was so closely identified, appear as early rivals for the honour of affording him a residence. This honour was first given to Knaresborough.

The town of Knaresborough is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nidd, about 18 miles to the north-west of York. Its castle, built in the reign of William the Conqueror, has an eventful history of its own; but now "it lives in its ruins." Its population in 1803 was about 3,800. It was then famous for its manufactory of linen. But it was chiefly from the number of gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, and from its proximity to

Harrogate, that it presented a desirable field for Dr. Murray. It was towards the close of 1803 that he commenced his practice there. His beloved aunt, who had been hitherto so devoted to his welfare, accompanied him. There was some difficulty experienced in procuring a suitable house, so that furnished apartments were taken at a Mrs. Stubbs's, Bond-end. Bringing unexceptionable testimonials from distinguished men, he found several families ready to give him a cordial reception; amongst these the names of Sir Thomas Slingsby and Mr. Collins are mentioned with gratitude in the following terms:—

"And here let me offer a tribute of grateful remembrance to some of those steady, unchanging friends who through the course of my professional career patronized and befriended me; and of those, Sir Thomas Slingsby—the generous and noble-minded, whose fine old mansion was to me ever a home, when I had left Knaresborough, and occasionally came over to my old quarters; also the Collins family, and especially Mr. Wm. C., my steadfast friend for 60 years."

Both these gentlemen exerted themselves to introduce Dr. Murray to the neighbouring gentry. But there were many difficulties in the way of his success; and not the least was that arising from his extreme youth. Many who afterwards requested his services, hesitated at first to repose full confidence in him. As an illustration of this, we may mention an incident, supplied on good au-

thority. One day, Lady Slingsby happened to mention the name of Dr. Murray to her maid, and spoke of him in very high terms. She said, "He comes with splendid testimonials; he is a young man of great ability, of good family, and a perfect gentleman; indeed he only has one fault, and that is his youth—only twenty years of age!" "My lady," replied her maid, "that is a fault that time will mend."

The high esteem cherished for Sir Thomas may be further gathered from the following lines found among Dr. Murray's papers. They are written by Mrs. Hofland, and are entitled—

"LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, ON LAYING DOWN A SATIRICAL WORK, AFTER HAVING HEARD THE CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS SLINGSBY FROM DR. MURRAY.

"Tell me no more, thou ranc'rous page,
That virtue from the land is flown,
That in this dark degenerate age
Pale merit sighs, unheard, unknown.

"Have I not drunk with raptured ear
Records of worth so truly bright
My glowing cheek confessed the tear
Which springs but from intense delight?

"'Twas not because thine ancient name,
Though joined with dignity's true boast,
Historic annals lift to fame,
And give thee in thy sires an host;

"No, Slingsby! 'twas the good man's praise
That in thy deeds delighted dwelt,
Awoke the homage virtue pays,
And painted actions which he felt.

"He spoke not of the splendid toys
Fortune and youth exulting view,
Nor yet the wise, the polished joys
The sons of science charm'd pursue.

"Tho' all be thine, his better theme
Dwelt on thy bounty's lavish spring,
That flows like rich Egyptia's stream,
Till all the neighbouring valleys sing.

"Sweet be the incense, sweet the zest,
That spring from misery's grateful eye,
And sweet each tremor of that breast
Which soothes pale sorrow's trembling sigh.

"Far from thy heart, whose gen'rous care
Sheds on the suffering soft relief,
Be wandering woe, and dark despair,
And all the family of grief.

"But while the silvery tide of time
His lucid current lingering pours,
Be thine the ecstacy sublime
That gilds the good, the great man's hours.

"Thine the sweet charities that bind
Congenial souls, no more to part,
Friendship, and love, and kindred mind,
That melt, and melting bless, the heart."

Dr. Murray, after being a year in Knaresborough, was still unable to procure a suitable house; he therefore resolved to fix his residence in Harrogate. With that town as a centre, he thought he might, with advantage, embrace Knaresborough and the neighbouring villages in his professional circuit. With this view he removed to High Harrogate in May, 1804, and took a cottage near to the chalybeate spring. The cottage still remains, and is now occupied by Mr. Powell. Here he resided for eight years, and became known to a select

circle of friends. Amongst these may be mentioned the Earl of Harewood, to whom Dr. Murray was introduced by Sir Humphrey Davy. On one occasion, both Sir Humphrey and Dr. Murray met at Harewood House, and renewed their former acquaintance. Such was the high opinion in which the latter was held by Lord Harewood, that he made a generous proposal to him to become resident physician of his family. The proposal was no doubt a flattering one, and might have ultimately opened the way to a splendid practice, but as it would have involved a separation from his "beloved aunt," it was respectfully declined.

Still practice did not flow upon him at Harrogate, though he laboured diligently to deserve it. During the summer season he had an average share of patronage, but not enough to secure a competency. Perhaps had he resorted to the modern expedient of driving a handsome carriage, he might have attracted more public notice; but he disdained such an artifice, and resolved to rely on his own abilities, whatever might be the result. An incident occurred one day which will shew his conscientiousness and high sense of honour. Walking between Harrogate and Knaresborough, a stranger entered into friendly conversation with him. Various questions

of a scientific character were discussed, at the close of which the stranger asked the other's opinion of the medical men in the neighbourhood. "There is Dr. So-and-So; what do you think of him?" Each received some appropriate term of commendation—none were depreciated. "But," said the stranger, "I have heard a good deal said in favour of a Dr. Murray; what is your opinion of him?" "I would rather say nothing about him," was the answer. Being anxious to know the reason of this reticence, he pressed him for an explanation. "Oh," said the doctor in reply, "I happen to be that individual." This interview left a most favourable impression on the mind of the stranger. Shortly after, he selected Dr. Murray as his own medical attendant, and introduced him to many of his friends.

But it was not among the rich alone but amongst the poor that his practice lay. The district around Harrogate and Knaresborough being chiefly agricultural, he had often to make long journeys to minister to the sick. The poor found in him not only a skilful physician, but a kind and generous friend. At any hour of the day, or the night, he was ready to hasten to their bedside, and to afford them the benefit of his skill. Such visits were paid without expectation of fee or reward. *It was no* small satisfaction to him in after-life

to be able to say, "Never did I knowingly exact a fee from any person whom I might distress or inconvenience by so doing." We have been told that he often inconvenienced himself by his generosity towards his poor patients. Human distress sometimes so affected him, that it unloosed the strings of his purse, and extracted all its contents. His aunt, Miss Wilmer, was ever ready to assist in acts of benevolence, and in providing such delicacies as the sick required.

After residing in Harrogate for eight years, he was induced, by the solicitation of many of his Knaresborough friends, to take up his permanent residence amongst them. A house was procured at Bond-end, called the Red House, which he took possession of in 1812, and in which he resided for the next fifteen years—"resided," to use his own words, "with my beloved aunt, Miss Wilmer, to me ever more than a mother, and to whom, during a sickly childhood, I owe, under God, my very life."

His practice was now steadily increasing, and his reputation rapidly spreading. The older practitioners no longer regarded him with the same feelings that they cherished when, as a stripling, he came amongst them. His advice was sought far and wide, not only as a physician, but as an analytical chemist. On several occasions he was

summoned to York to give evidence both on civil and criminal trials. One case created great public attention at the time: it was that of a man who had poisoned his brother-in-law in order to obtain possession of his property. The contents of the deceased's stomach were sent to Dr. Murray for analysis. He subjected them to several tests, and always with the same result—the detection of arsenic. On his evidence, the guilt or innocence of the prisoner turned. The evidence was given, on the day of trial, with such clearness and precision, that the judge declared "he had never listened to such a clear chemical evidence in a court of justice." The counsel for the defence endeavoured most strenuously to shake the doctor's evidence, but in vain. The verdict of the jury was, of course, a conviction, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. After the trial was over, the barrister who had so vehemently disparaged the chemical evidence, met Dr. Murray, and said, "That fellow has got what he richly deserved; I never saw a blacker case in my life!"

On another occasion he was the principal evidence on a civil trial, arising out of the poisoning of a stream by chemical works in the neighbourhood. Henry Brougham happened to be engaged on this trial, and was delighted to meet his old friend. It was their first interview since

their college days at Edinburgh, and it recalled many pleasant associations. They did not meet again till 1862, at Scarborough. Dr. Murray also acquired a high reputation for his analyses of various new minerals, particularly the Yorkshire combinations of Strontia (*Celestina Strontia*), which he was the first to discover in that part of the country.

Surrounded by a warm circle of admiring friends and with an increasing practice, Dr. Murray's position was now all that he could desire. He was able to keep a carriage, and maintained a style of living in keeping with his means. It seems he never was able to ride horseback; once only was the attempt made, and it ended in a disaster. Never after was he persuaded to mount an animal, unless it might be some safe mule in Italy, when he ascended Vesuvius. In reference to this period of his life he records:—

"Hospitality on a very liberal scale prevailed among the families in my locality. At the residences of the country gentry and clergy, as also of those in the town itself, I was frequently a warmly received guest, and ever welcomed as a friend; and what was to me most gratifying on every account, was the kind and friendly assistance and support given to me by the medical practitioners of Knaresborough, and the villages and small towns in the vicinity."

In the year 1816, Peter Hawkridge entered his service, where he has remained for the long

period of forty-eight years. It may interest the reader to know the circumstances that led to this engagement. Happening to meet the vicar of the parish one day, Dr. Murray said to him, "I want to keep a boy in the house, could you recommend one?" He at once thought of the son of a respectable weaver in the town, who, in this year of dearth, was struggling hard to bring up his family. At first, the father was reluctant to let his boy, then only twelve years old, leave his roof; but when he knew that his master would be Dr. Murray, he readily gave his consent, only stipulating that he would allow him to attend a night-school. The introduction of a second "Peter" into the house, caused frequent mistakes on the part of Miss Wilmer, at whose suggestion the name was changed into "Patrick," which he has ever since retained.

It is well-known that Dr. Murray was a bachelor. Many persons have expressed surprise that he never entered into matrimony. With a loving heart and strong social tendencies, they have regarded marriage as likely to be a necessity of his nature. There is evidence that he loved and was loved.

"I hold it true, whate'er befal,
I feel it when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

The object of his affection was a young lady, the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman. The family were on intimate terms with Dr. Murray, and afforded every facility to the consummation of a union; but there was one obstacle which proved insuperable. From his devotion to his aunt, and his personal sense of obligation to her, he declared that "he would never marry as long as she lived." The engagement was, therefore, broken off, but not their friendship. The lady is now Mrs. ——. Many years afterwards, a lady called at Belle Vue, to see the doctor. She declined to send in either her name or her card, but requested simply to be announced as a friend. What was his surprise, to see in the matronly form before him, his sweetheart of former years! She had introduced herself in this way, just to see whether he would easily recognise her.

But that which rendered Knaresborough most memorable in his history, was the commencement, while there, of real spiritual life. We have seen, that at Edinburgh his religion was little more than nominal. He assented to its doctrines, and, indeed, assumed its outward profession; but he knew nothing of that change of heart, that constitutes a new creature in Christ Jesus. We know not the exact time

when this great change took place, but it was a few years after his permanent settlement at Knaresborough. The Rev. Andrew Cheap, the vicar, with his pious and devoted wife, were the instruments whom God employed in effecting it. At the vicarage, Dr. Murray was ever welcome. When alone, the vicar often talked with him on the subject of personal religion. Mrs. Cheap frequently read the Scriptures to him, and freely conversed about the things that belonged to his peace. At their feet he sat as a humble disciple. He saw that religion had a practical influence upon them, which it never had upon himself, and he wished to be like them. They often prayed with him, that the Holy Spirit might open his understanding, and convince him of sin, and bring him to the feet of Jesus. Nor did they pray in vain. It was their unspeakable joy, to see their beloved friend inquiring the way to Zion, with his face thitherward. True, there was no season of mental agony, such as some experience, in the pangs of the new birth. But this matters not. God has not fixed any standard of experience to be reached, before personal conversion is secured. To some, the word comes as a hammer, to break the flinty rock, so that, overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, they are laid prostrate before the cross.

In others, the seed has lain dormant for years, and silently it has come up, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." But, in either case, the Holy Spirit is the omnipotent agent, and the salvation of the soul, the end secured. The religious life of Dr. Murray belonged to the latter class. Gradually Divine light shone into his mind, and the peace of God took possession of his heart. There was little change needed in his outward life. He had been upright and honourable in all his dealings, and a regular attender both at church and the communion; but it was necessary that he should take up a more decided position for Christ, in the town, and identify himself with its religious movements. This was the cross which it behoved him to bear, and it was not a light one at first. He feared lest his professional interests might suffer, and some personal friendships might be sacrificed, in carrying his religion into practice; but divine help was given, according to his need. In Mr. Cheap, he had a pastor who watched over him as a son in the faith, and whose holy counsel and example proved of inestimable value. The following extract of a letter, from a lady at Knaresborough, niece of the late vicar, may be given in illustration of this point:—

"He often came to my uncle (Mr. Cheap) for spiritual counsel. My impression is that at that time there was a want of decision on the Lord's side, with a restlessness and longing for more than he had yet attained. I well remember my uncle's affectionate anxiety respecting him, and his fear lest natural benevolence might satisfy, without the deeper work of the Spirit. I am sure this would be openly expressed to our dear friend; and I well remember the happy expression of countenance with which my uncle would speak of him as 'growing in grace.'"

Natural benevolence Dr. Murray possessed in a pre-eminent degree, and there was a danger, at first, lest it might be mistaken for Christian virtue. But divine grace sanctified it, and made it one of the most beautiful features of his character. He began to feel that he was not his own—that time, talent, influence, and property, ought to be consecrated to the service of Christ, and that in the sphere in which God had placed him his religion ought to shine. In his professional visits he endeavoured to combine the Christian with the physician; while ministering to the body he also ministered to the soul. Thus far he began to tread in the footsteps of his Lord and Master. The vicar, instead of regarding this as an encroachment upon his own spiritual province, encouraged him in it—"he always found the doctor an efficient helper, and was only too glad to have his valuable co-operation in the parish." By their united exertions the Knaresborough

Dispensary was founded for the benefit of the poor. Dr. Murray continued for some years the sole medical attendant of this institution. On a visit to Knaresborough the year before his death, he was highly gratified to find that the charity he had so much at heart was prosperous, and that a new building had been erected to the memory of his valued friend and pastor.

The Bible Society was another institution with which he now became identified, and to which he was a subscriber for fifty years. He often referred to his early connection with this society at Knaresborough, and especially to the untiring zeal of Mr. Cheap in the circulation of the Scriptures, as affording him an example which he strove to imitate. Once, at the close of a Bible meeting in Scarborough, a person of the name of Cheap came up and spoke to him. The name at once recalled his early associations at Knaresborough with his old friend, the vicar. With warm emotion he said, "Had I known that any one bearing the honoured name of Cheap was present, I should have summoned him to the platform." It is unnecessary to say that Dr. Murray cherished the memory of his friend till the day of his death. Amongst his memoranda, recently written, is the following: —"My beloved and venerated friend and pastor,

Andrew Cheap, under whose teaching, and by whose example and converse, I looked more and more to the one Saviour." Happy the son to have had such a father in Christ! Happy the father to have had such a son in the Gospel!

These were some of the visible signs of the new life in his soul. True, his faith at first was small, but these were its legitimate fruits. His love was feeble, but the Divine hand that kindled it fanned it into a flame. Instead of his religious decision militating against his worldly interests, his thorough consistency rather gave him favour in the eyes of many. Even if it had been otherwise, the peace and joy that reigned in his heart would more than have compensated him for worldly loss.

We have had abundant evidence of his love of nature. Did religion impair this love? No, it intensified it. Every object in Creation was to him invested with increased significance and fresh beauty—

> "Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
> Air with all its beams and showers,
> Ocean's infinite expanse,
> Heaven's resplendent countenance,
> All around, and all above,
> Bore the record, 'God is love.'

"Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred,
All the sounds beneath, above,
Had one burden, 'God is love.'"

Did religion abate his devotion to scientific pursuits? No. Every new discovery was so much tribute brought from the field of science and laid on the altar for Christ. Did religion interfere with his enjoyment of life? He never knew what real enjoyment was until he was born from above. It was a life from the dead; and to him all the pleasures of friendship, of literature, of science, were insipid, in comparison with the pleasures of religion. To all who came into contact with him he could say from experience, "O! taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

His pecuniary circumstances were now greatly improved, which afforded him increased facilities for doing good. This he mentions in the following extract:—

"By my increasing practice, and by the falling in of augmented family property, we attained an easy independence. By the addition to the family circle, of Mrs. Grant, the kind and generous sister of my Aunt Wilmer, we might be said to be in a degree of opulence. Thus we were enabled to dispense some of the *Almighty's* gifts to our poorer neighbours."

But his health at this period began to give way, under the fatigues and anxieties of practice. At first it was suggested that he should take a few months' change and rest; but he felt that it would be more just to his patients, and more conducive to the restoration of his health, to remove from Knaresborough, and that another practitioner should occupy his place. To separate himself from a locality where he had resided for twenty-three years, and from associations so endeared to him, was a most painful step; but the necessity was laid upon him, and he resolved to take it. It was like plucking a tree up by the roots. When it became known that his removal from the neighbourhood was certain, the regret of the community was deep and sincere. The poor felt they were losing their kindest friend, the profession its most distinguished ornament, the cause of religion its most liberal supporter. One and all began to anticipate the blank which his removal would create. It was not surprising that, overwhelmed as he was with expressions of regret, his resolution to leave was somewhat shaken. But it could not be altered. One last duty remained with the public to perform—to present him with a parting memorial of their esteem and love. A subscription was opened, which soon reached the sum of 200 guineas. In

order that the testimonial might be a lasting one, a splendid silver tureen was bought, and Sir Thomas Slingsby, Bart., was requested, in the name of the inhabitants, to present it. The following is the inscription engraved upon it:—

THIS PLATE WAS PRESENTED

TO PETER MURRAY, M.D.,

BY THE INHABITANTS OF

THE TOWN AND VICINITY OF KNARESBOROUGH,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP,

AND A MEMORIAL OF

HIS BENEVOLENT VIRTUES AND EMINENT

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES,

OCTOBER, 1826.

This testimonial has returned to the neighbourhood whence it came, having been bequeathed to William Collins, Esq., of Kirkman Bank, his "steadfast friend for sixty years."

The following brief memorandum closes this period of his life:—"With the ardent concurrence of my dearest aunt, I, after a hard struggle, left Knaresborough and settled in Scarborough."

CHAPTER V.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

BELLE VUE—TWO AFFECTING DEATH-BED SCENES—REFORM AGITATION—BIBLE SOCIETY—LANCASTERIAN SCHOOLS—MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—TRACT SOCIETY—PORT OF HULL SOCIETY—SAILORS' ORPHANS AND WIDOWS.

IN the year 1826, Dr. Murray, with his aunts, Miss Wilmer and Mrs. Grant, came to reside at Belle Vue. This residence was then one of the most charming in the neighbourhood of Scarborough. Situated on the highest elevation to the west of the town, and detached from all other dwellings, it commanded an uninterrupted view of the beautiful scenery around. The castle, the bay, the cliffs, the Mount, were all objects that met the eye from the windows. Behind the house were the coach-house and stables, but

separated from it by a garden and pleasure ground; the latter, with its shaded walk of poplar trees, planted by the doctor thirty years ago, was a fitting retreat for quiet meditation. In front there was an open field of five acres, extending to the Plantation walk on the east, and to Love Lane on the south, where cows and sheep enjoyed ample pasture. We mention these features thus particularly, as many of them belong to the past, and are no longer visible. Now the railway station occupies the greater part of the ground, and may soon absorb the whole. Indeed, its present proximity to the house foreshadows the day when Belle Vue will be no more. Be this as it may, its associations in connection with Dr. Murray will long abide.

When he took up his residence here, he did not altogether relinquish his profession. Many of his former patients at Knaresborough, and Harrogate, still sought his services when they visited Scarborough. He was also frequently consulted by a select circle of friends in the town and neighbourhood. It was his wish, however, to engage in this work as little as possible, but to devote himself more exclusively to scientific pursuits, and to works of philanthropy and benevolence. One of the resident practitioners (Dr. T.) evidently looked upon the coming of Dr.

Murray into the town with considerable jealousy, but he had no good ground for this. Little did he know that, instead of being jealous, he had greater reason to welcome him as one of the truest friends he ever had. The following narrative will supply evidence of this.

Dr. T. was shortly after seized with a painful malady, which proved fatal. During his lingering illness, he wished Dr. Murray to visit him, not so much for the benefit of his medical advice, as for the spiritual consolation which he believed him qualified to impart. Dr. Murray found him in a state of the deepest spiritual concern, arising from a sense of his wickedness, and of his hopeless exclusion from Divine mercy. He told him that hitherto he had thought himself to be a good and upright man, a good husband, and a good father, but now he felt himself to be the greatest of sinners. A voice seemed to say to him, "Thou wicked wretch! the measure of thine iniquities is filled up; thy sentence is passed; thou art doomed to increasing torments in this life, and to eternal sufferings in the next." Again, he said, "I am shut up on all sides, I cannot escape. Oh! an eternity of torment awaits my wretched soul, of which this suffering, terrible as it is, is but the faint beginning! But be not *deceived, my* friend, I dread eternal punishment

hereafter more than the loss of the favour of Almighty God. Wretch that I am for it!" He next observed that at Edinburgh he was a leading member of certain medical debating societies; that he had eagerly engaged in metaphysical speculations and discussions, which deeply tinctured him with scepticism; that afterwards he had lived chiefly with persons of unitarian sentiments, and though he had read much of the Scriptures and many religious works, yet he was bewildered and dubious—being told by one that there was no hope but in the Christian plan, by others that he should be guilty of idolatry and blasphemy did he consider Jesus Christ as anything more than a creature. He also said that, doubtful whether there was a future state or not, he had twice determined to shut his eyes, and take the dreadful leap! In Dr. Murray this anxious soul found the spiritual adviser he so much needed. Having himself passed through a state of scepticism and religious concern, he was able from deep experience to point him to the only remedy. We quote his own words:—

"I urged and entreated him to fly to the Cross. I told him his guilt would be blotted out; and that if he would be accepted of God, it must be through the righteousness of Christ. He exclaimed 'I am perplexed; I cannot understand it.' His friend replied, 'I know you cannot yet.' Then said Dr. T., 'What am I to do?' His friend answered, 'Pray to Almighty

God that He would reveal His Son to you—that He would lead you to His Cross, and give you comfort and peace in believing.' He now seemed like a man lost in a wilderness in a dark night, almost despairing of getting out; yet knowing there was a path, he groped about to find it. I prayed with him, and the prayer of such an unworthy creature as myself seemed to comfort him. A ray of hope seemed to dart across his mind, and he anxiously inquired whether I thought it possible that the awful sentence already passed upon him could yet be reversed. I readily availed myself of this to administer comfort. I alluded to the restoration of the Israelites twice after the denunciation of Jehovah that they should be destroyed—to Ahab, whose threatened punishment was stayed—to Hezekiah, whose life had been prolonged, though the voice of the prophet had pronounced his immediate death. When I rose to leave him, to my great surprise he eagerly asked me to stay for a few minutes. He then poured out his soul to God for pardon and peace through the merits of Jesus Christ. His manner was singularly expressive of deep contrition and humblest devotion. I followed, and addressed the Most High, whose grace was sufficient to chase the darkness away, and bring the sinner to himself. 'Oh, Lord, pity my suffering friend, and reveal to him thy Son Jesus Christ, who has promised that he will cast out none who come to him.' "

These interviews continued for several weeks, during which the patient's physical sufferings increased till death. The notes of this case break off somewhat abruptly, so that we have not an account of the closing scene. We have reason, however, to know that the conflict issued in victory. This captive was brought out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and his feet set on the Rock of Ages. He died in peace.

We have given the above case as illustrative of Dr. Murray's religious experience at this time.

Surely these were signs of "growth in grace"! What kindness to one who had formerly evinced an opposite spirit! What deep anxiety for the salvation of a soul! What skill in dealing with a troubled conscience, and in setting forth Jesus as the only ground of a sinner's hope! Thus "the beloved physician" laboured in a new field of usefulness, and God owned his labours therein.

But this was not the only case of a similar kind he had to deal with, after coming to Scarborough. Another shall be given nearly in the doctor's words:—

"An awful and deeply impressive incident in my professional course, occurred in the case of Miss M., a young lady aged 25, of large fortune, and highly accomplished. In the last stage of pulmonary consumption, nothing would satisfy her but coming to Scarborough, late in the autumn, to be under my professional care. Though I had relinquished general practice and was scarcely personally known to her, yet I consented to attend her. As might be expected, the change of residence from Lincolnshire to Scarborough was not attended by any relief to the fearful disease which every day was hastening to a fatal termination. Miss M., however, went out every day in a carriage; but she constantly averted every attempt, on the part of myself and her mother, to arouse her to her hopeless condition, and to prepare her for the great change. At last, she took her last airing, and the next day she appeared in a dying state. Still she shunned every appeal, however affectionately urged. Towards dusk, she was carried up-stairs to her bedroom in a fainting condition, supported by myself. By the aid of restoratives, she partially rallied. I agreed with the family to remain through the night in an adjoining room, and was going there to put on my slippers, that I might occasionally enter her apartment quietly. I had just said to her, 'I am

going into the adjoining room, and shall return presently,' when she cried in a loud, piercing voice, 'Stay!' On turning round, I was startled with her appearance. The features of her face were fixed as in death, and frightfully contorted, with her tongue protruding from her mouth. Again she shrieked in agony, her screams echoing through the whole house. She cried aloud, 'Hell! I am lost! lost! I am in hell! I burn! I burn! Lost for ever!' Vainly I endeavoured to soothe her, but with a look of unutterable woe she exclaimed, 'I have forgotten my God, and He has forgotten me. They told me I was handsome and charming. I gave myself up to the world and its pleasures, and now, oh! I burn!' and then she gave utterance to the most horrible curses. She was quiet for a little time, but again she burst into paroxysms of anguish, and exclaimed, 'Yes, I have forgotten my God, and He has forgotten me.' I urged the pardoning love of God, and the efficacy of the blood of Jesus. 'All this,' she said,' 'might avail for others, but not for me.' Her terrified mother stood dumb, unable to speak one word of comfort to her child. Her cousin, more instructed in grace, tried to read some texts of Scripture and to repeat appropriate hymns, but with little good result. This awful scene continued for two hours, with occasional intervals of calmness and apparent self-meditation. Again the paroxysms of agony returned, and her piercing utterances were even more horrible than before. The storm was succeeded by another calm, which I eagerly embraced to direct her thoughts to Jesus. 'Consider,' I said, 'that the blood of Jesus calls louder for pardon, than your sins for punishment. Think, that the Being who made us, suffered and died for us—the Creator dying for his guilty creatures! What love could be greater than this! It is, indeed, wondrous love. Confide in his love, and you shall be saved.' These remarks were peculiarly comforting to her soul. After meditating on them for a while, she desired that I should say something more. I quoted the text in Zechariah, 'a brand plucked out of the fire,' and showed that she was the brand, and that Christ was able, and willing, to pluck her now from the burning. This remark seemed to make a deep impression upon her mind, especially as she felt the flames already begun in her. She exclaimed, 'I am a brand, indeed—plucked out of the fire. Yes! yes!' *Still her tranquillity* was momentary: she could find no rest for

her troubled soul. After praying with her, I bent over her, and repeated promises adapted to her state: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow;' 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Behold,' I said, 'the arms of everlasting love outstretched to save you now. Throw yourself into His open arms. Oh, believe they will support and save you.' Still the way of salvation seemed hidden to her. I said, 'Jesus cried on the Cross, "It is finished!"—how can you doubt His own words? It is impious to doubt the efficacy and sufficiency of His atonement. God was more honoured in the death of Jesus than He could have been by the obedience of all our race. You say you are "forsaken of God"—think that Jesus cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" He was forsaken of God that you might not be forsaken for ever."

Such were the words spoken by "the beloved physician" to this bleeding and broken heart. Who does not feel thankful that such a physician was near who could sympathise with her mental struggles, and point her to the Cross? It seems as if God had been training him in the past for such blessed work — work that, perhaps, few ministers of religion could have done so well. During that long and terrible night, as he tarried by this death-bed, he wrestled and prayed to God for the conversion of his patient. It was like Jacob by the brook Jabbok, when he cried, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me," and he prevailed by prayer. She looked from herself to Christ: her faith took hold of the Cross, and her fears and conflicts gave way to joy and peace in believing. And as, when Jesus came up into

the ship, the winds were laid, and the waves were still, so when Jesus entered into this anxious soul, tossed on the sea of agony and despair, all trouble fled—"immediately there was a great calm." In this happy state she continued till her change came. Nor was it long delayed. Gradually she sank to rest: no cloud darkened her spirit. There was light in the valley of death, for the Saviour was with her there. With her hand in that of her "beloved physician," she passed away singing, "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory!"

Truly, this was "a brand plucked out of the fire," and the honoured instrument employed was Dr. Murray.

During his residence at Knaresborough, he had always shrunk from speaking in public; indeed, his professional duties admitted not of his taking any prominent part on public questions. It was, however, different at Scarborough. With a generous heart, a ready utterance, and with time at his own disposal, he was gradually drawn into public work. The question of political reform was one then agitating the mind of the country. His first appearance in public was at a meeting held in the Town Hall, in furtherance of this measure. Considerable excitement prevailed in *the town.* Several of Dr. Murray's friends tried

to persuade him to stand aloof from the agitation, but, believing that many of his fellow subjects were excluded from the exercise of their political rights, he warmly espoused their cause, and manfully pleaded on their behalf. Nor did he think it inconsistent with his Christian profession so to do. In a country like this, where the legislature was avowedly identified with religion, and threw its shield of protection over it, he considered that only as a government was founded on justice, and on religious principles, could it permanently stand. He always regarded his own vote as a trust committed to him by God, and he would have such as were qualified, to enjoy the privilege and to share the responsibility. We need not say that the result of the protracted agitation was the passing of the Reform Bill in Parliament, which, though distasteful to some at the time, has proved of great benefit to the country at large. We doubt not, the part he took on this occasion alienated some of his friends; yet they could not fail to honour his motives, and to admire his zeal and candour. Up to an advanced age he occasionally appeared on the hustings, and not unfrequently was called upon to nominate one of the candidates for the borough. On such occasions, he was always listened to with the greatest respect.

But it was not in the field of politics that his virtues shone the brightest. He was most at home in the humbler walks of benevolence, or in the promotion of religious and educational movements. We shall proceed to give a brief account of those societies that claimed him either as their founder or president, and first among these must be named the

British and Foreign Bible Society.—A branch of this Society was planted in Scarborough in 1812. Its first president was Thomas Hinderwell, a name which lives in the community until now, and is spoken of with reverence and love. This office he held till his death, in the year 1826. At a general meeting of the society, on the 27th February, 1827, "it was unanimously resolved that Peter Murray, M.D., be appointed president, in room of Thomas Hinderwell." No clearer proof could be given of the estimation in which he was held, than his appointment to this honourable office. The office was accepted, and Dr. Murray was then conducted to the chair, after which a letter was read from the Rev. Samuel Bottomley. The following is an extract:—

"*Scarborough*, 24*th Feb.*, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

——"Fail not to assure the meeting that my heart is *with them, as* really as my body was ever in that spacious

place in which they are now met; but my bodily infirmities are such as preclude my hope of even making an attempt to attend the meeting. Assure them, further, that none can more feelingly sigh at not seeing in the chair that dear and venerable man who occupied it so well, and so long; nor can any be more confident that he is now in posssession of that joy and felicity of which we have often heard him speak so sweetly, and that he finds it infinitely to transcend all his former conceptions.

I have no doubt but our Heavenly Father, in answer to our prayers, has raised up for us the distingnished character now to preside. It is impossible for me to express my joy in having my dear old friend succeeded by one in every respect so well qualified for the office—one whom I have known and loved from the days of his youth, and of whom I am well persuaded that the more he is known the more he will be beloved by all the lovers of good men. God has already blessed him, and made him a blessing.

That none of us may grow weary in well doing, but by patient continuation therein, seek for honour, glory, and immortality, will be the fervent prayer of,

"Dear Sir,

"Your's very sincerely,

"SAMUEL BOTTOMLEY."

It will be remembered by the reader that, in 1791, Mr. Bottomley was tutor to Dr. Murray. It must therefore have been especially gratifying to the venerable man to see his old pupil called to this post, and devoting his talents and influence to the service of Christ. This office he filled till the day of his death. No other institution received such a large share of his affection as the Bible Society. He loved it for the catholicity of its basis, and because its platform was a trysting place where Christians of all denominations could

meet. He loved it for the simplicity of its purpose—to circulate the Word of God without note or comment. He loved it for the wide field of its operations, which embraced the whole world. At its annual gatherings, his place was seldom, if ever, vacant. At its committee meetings, he entered warmly into every plan that would promote its greater efficacy. In his later years those meetings were regularly held in his own drawing-room. The last of them was specially summoned to arrange the proceedings of the jubilee meeting, and to commence the new depôt, which was to be a standing memorial of that celebration. He sought an interview with the Archbishop of York, to invite his presence on the occasion; though the invitation was courteously declined, yet His Grace, in declining it, said, "From your position amongst your fellow-townsmen, you have a right to ask any favour I can give; and, had it been possible. I should gladly have complied with your request." With the jubilee celebration, at the Spa Saloon, closed his public services on behalf of the Bible Society. It was also the jubilee of his own connection with it. With an overflowing heart, he reviewed the goodness of God, who had spared him to be present; and recounted the marvellous successes *that had* crowned the society's operations at home

and abroad. Thus having celebrated its jubilee, and aided in the inauguration of the local memorial, he withdrew from labour, soon afterwards to enter into rest.

The Lancasterian Schools.—Next to the Bible Society, these schools occupied a prominent place in his heart. They were founded in the year 1810, on the principle of the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, whose name they bear. That principle is, to provide a religious, moral, and intellectual education for the children of the poor, without reference to denominational creed. Not, however, gratuitously, but at such a price as was within their reach. This was a wise arrangement; for, it is generally found, that what has to be paid for is valued most. Moreover, it stimulated a healthy feeling on the part of the poor themselves—a feeling of self-reliance, and of moral obligation to educate their offspring, as far as their means would allow. These schools have another healthy feature,—they seek no pecuniary aid from the State, but depend, for their support, solely on voluntary contributions. These principles commended themselves to Dr. Murray's approval, and he early manifested his warm interest in the schools. About the year 1830, he was elected the president. Few of the

scholars but have reason to remember their beloved president. He was by nature fond of children; but those belonging to the Lancasterian schools received special marks of his love. By them, he was looked up to as a father. On any festive occasion, when the class-rooms were decorated by the scholars, great pains were taken to honour him specially. The best laurels, the prettiest flowers, were reserved for the mottoes "Long live Dr. Murray!" or, "Welcome to Dr. Murray!" His entrance amongst them was always the signal for extravagant demonstrations of joy, which the teachers could not well restrain. His delight was unmistakably evinced in his beaming countenance, and in the warm-hearted acknowledgments which he returned. The proceedings of an examination usually reached a climax, when the good doctor presented the prizes, which consisted of large bound copies of the Scriptures, bearing an inscription, written with his own hand. The recipients were summoned to the chair. Taking each by the hand, he would address a few kind words to them, and dismiss them with his blessing. We have seen him do this, with faltering voice and streaming eyes, especially when, lifting up the sacred book in his hands, he has testified to the young, how *much he, himself*, owed to that precious volume.

So much were these prizes valued, that parents were proud to say, their child had obtained "Dr. Murray's Bible." Boys going to sea, took it with them. Once, in a storm, when a ship was wrecked, and the crew were nearly lost, one of them saved an article by tying it round his waist. It was "Dr. Murray's Bible"! Lads who had emigrated to the colonies, remembered him in their letters home; and not a more welcome present could they receive, than Dr. Murray's portrait. The foundation stone of the present commodious new premises was laid by him, in November, 1861, on which occasion, the committee presented him with a silver trowel, and the girls with a handsome inkstand.

The Mechanics' Institute.—Dr. Murray was one of the founders of this institution, and its first president. It was formed at a meeting held at the Freemasons' Lodge, on the 12th November, 1830. For several years, its business was conducted in a sale room, in Newborough Street; but the commodious premises known as the "Odd Fellows' Hall," were afterwards rented; and subsequently purchased; so that the institute acquired both "a local habitation and a name" of its own. The object for which it was founded was a laudable one—the instruction of the

mechanics and apprentices in the town, by means of classes, lectures, reading-room, and library. It may not always have realised the sanguine expectations of its founders, but it has been, and still is, of great benefit to the community, and worthy of its liberal support. Dr. Murray devoted a large share, both of time and talent, towards the promotion of this valuable institution. The first present of books to the library was made by him. At different times, he delivered popular lectures to its members: the first was on "Astronomy, with illustrations"; another, was on "Mining and Metals"; another, on "The materials in this District, used in Buildings and the Arts." During the summer of 1852, he paid a visit to France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. The latter country especially interested him, and supplied ample materials for a lecture, which he delivered to the institute on his return. It was entitled "Scenes and Impressions in a Tour on the Continent." In 1862, Lord Brougham came to sojourn in Scarborough for a few weeks. The opportunity was embraced by the committee to request his lordship to deliver a lecture to the members of the institute. A large assembly gathered on the occasion, at the Spa Music Hall. In the course of his address, his lordship *stated, that* he had that day paid a visit to the

premises in Vernon Place, and found them to be admirably adapted to the purpose; the library, especially, he considered to be "one of the most complete he had ever seen in connection with such an institution." As a token of his admiration, he presented to the committee the entire set of his published works, with his autograph in each. On this auspicious occasion, Dr. Murray had the gratification of meeting with his old friend and associate. They afterwards had frequent interviews, and were seen walking, arm in arm, together. The above was the doctor's last appearance in connection with the institute.

The Philosophical Society.—The first meeting of this society was held at the Savings' Bank, on the 6th November, 1829. On that occasion, Dr. Murray was present, and was unanimously chosen as the curator of geology and mineralogy. Few subjects of a scientific kind could be brought before the society, with which he was not familiar. His knowledge of geology, though by no means profound, was at least respectable. Two species of fossil plants and an existing species of zoophyte have been named after him, by the respective authors of the works in which they are specified, viz.: — *Solenites Murrayana*, by Lindley and Hutton, authors of "Fossil Flora of

of Great Britain"; *Pecopteris Murrayana*, by Adolphe Brongniart, author of "Histoire des Vegeteaux Fossiles"; *Bugula Murrayana*, by Mr. Bean, in "Johnstone's History of British Zoophytes." It does not appear that any paper was ever communicated by him to this society, but various rough memoranda have been found amongst his papers, containing notices of sundry reptiles, fishes, and mollusca. Take the following:—

"In the vicinity of Scarborough, the large Black Viper, (*Vipera berus,*) is common, on the wild and broken ground extending above the sea beach, particularly to the south of the town, from the Spa to Cayton Bay. This reptile is found of various sizes, even sometimes exceeding twenty inches in length. I hardly ever remember to have met with the Red Viper more than ten inches long; and never, during my residence of ten years in Scarborough, have I fallen in with the latter, though it is rather plentiful on the moors near Knaresborough, along the banks of the Nidd. I believe the two snakes to be specifically distinct. The *Coluber chersea* is flatter on the head, but more cylindrical in the form of the body, than its black congener, which, indeed, when compared with any other snake of equal length, seems remarkably depressed in the form of the body."

He had considerable knowledge of the fishes frequenting the neighbourhood. As an evidence of it, when the fishermen caught any species which was new to them, they brought it direct from their boats to Dr. Murray that he might *examine it*, and tell them its name. Seldom

was his knowledge in such instances at fault. The same might be said of the Flora and Algæ in the neighbourhood. He knew every flower, the class to which it belonged, and the locality where it was to be found. Visitors who had no personal acquaintance with him, frequently brought letters of introduction, that they might have an opportunity of inspecting his museum. To himself these collections were always new. He frequently spent his evenings in studying them, and they yielded him as much pleasure as the reading of books. On one occasion, he presented to the British Museum some specimens, for which the following letter was received in acknowledgment:—

"*British Museum*, 16*th Oct.*, 1839.

"Sir,

"I am directed by the trustees of the British Museum, to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging present of a beautiful specimen of jet, and a very interesting suite of fossil plants, of which a particular list is annexed; and I am to request that you will accept the best thanks of the Trustees for this desirable addition to the National collections.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"J. FOWKALL, Secretary.

"Dr. Peter Murray."

Such are some of the public institutions of the town whose welfare he endeavoured to promote;

but they are by no means the whole of them. To refer to each particularly, would exceed the limits of this memoir. So far as annual subscriptions are concerned, he was connected with thirty-seven different societies of a scientific, philanthropic, and religious character. Almost every religious society claimed him as chairman in celebrating its anniversary; he was equally at home on the platform of the Nonconformist as on that of the Episcopalian. If unable personally to preside, he invariably sent his contribution to the collection. His absence, whenever it happened, occasioned a blank which all regretted, and which no other substitute could fill so well. His introductory remarks, usually delivered with holy fervour, and breathing a catholic spirit, gave a high tone to any religious gathering. Many now living can bear witness to this. We have heard him, at the meeting of the Religious Tract Society, (of which he was the president,) speak of the inestimable blessings which their little messengers might bring to careless hearts. He said they were "as silent tongues to tell of the Saviour's love where the human voice could not be heard." He was himself a diligent tract distributor amongst the poor. The tracts which he gave away, he made

a point of reading beforehand: he was thus able not only to discriminate what was suitable to the receiver, but to recommend it from his own personal knowledge. Sometimes in his walks into the country he carried a supply of tracts with him, to give them to persons whom he met. These were often accompanied by a "word in season." When no one was met, he dropped the tracts by the wayside, while he lifted up his heart in prayer that the seed, thus scattered, might be "found after many days."

We have heard him at the Port of Hull Society, plead most earnestly on behalf of the sailor. "What great obligations," he said, "we all owe to our sailors! Without them, what would become of our commerce, our colonies, our national safety? These are the men who risk their lives for our benefit. They bring the produce of other lands within our reach—they take our surplus commodities all over the world. In times of national danger, they man our fleets for the defence of our shores. Surely such men have a claim upon our warmest efforts for their spiritual welfare!" He was also the local president of this institution, and of the Sailors' Orphans' Home affiliated with it. We have seen him more than once surrounded by

a group of these orphans in his garden at Belle Vue.

The last occasion will long be remembered by those who were present. It was a beautiful day in summer, when the flowers put on their richest bloom, and the sun shone forth in all his splendour. The orphans were arranged on the lawn before him, and sang several melodies. Under the shadow of a tree, the venerable man stood up, surrounded by the teachers and friends. Behind were placed the mottoes and banners which the children had brought. Uncovering, in their presence, he addressed them with great tenderness and deep emotion. He said, "There are many beautiful flowers in this garden, but none so beautiful and precious as yourselves—beautiful, because of your smiling faces; precious, because you possess immortal souls. If you love Jesus, you will become flowers to bloom for ever in heaven. You are all orphans, but remember this passage, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" He then presented each of the senior boys with a pocket knife, and each of the girls with a pair of scissors, which were suspended from their necks by a blue riband. Nuts and cakes were given to the rest, and to all, "an old man's *blessing.*"

Schools of various denominations have often met on the same spot, and received similar kindness at his hands. The children all loved him, and the reason is obvious—he loved them. Himself as simple and open-hearted as a child, they all felt at home in his presence at once. In this he resembled Him in whose footsteps he trod, and who once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Now that he is gone, we know none who will miss him more than children; except, perhaps, poor widows. For them he had a wonderful sympathy. Many a widow had him as a prop to lean upon when none other was left. Several received annuities of £10 or £20. Coals, flour, and beef, he sent to certain of the poor at stated times every year. To do good, in this way, was to him a luxury. Indeed, not until his private memoranda were opened, were we aware that his alms were administered with such liberality. This affords us all the more satisfaction in recording them now. His last act of charity was to send a sailor's orphan to the Home at Hull. It was accompanied by a promise to the mother that "whenever she wished to see her child, he would pay her expenses." Truly, to him the words of Job are applicable—"I delivered the poor that

cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him: the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Tender as a woman! Manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness,
Saw but a single side."

DOMESTIC LIFE AT BELLE VUE—DEATH OF MRS. GRANT AND OF MISS WILMER—STRONG AFFECTION AND DEEP SORROW—DR. MURRAY'S HOUSEHOLD—HABITS OF DEVOTION—LOVE OF ANIMALS—HYMNS—WALKS—LETTERS TO DOMESTICS.

DR. MURRAY, with his aunts, continued to live in happiness at Belle Vue. Mrs. Grant had become the widow of the late Mr. Alexander Grant, a medical practitioner in Cheltenham, whom she survived many years. Both these sisters had come forth from their former trials with a simple and earnest piety which contrasted beautifully with the pride and worldliness that had marked their early years. To them the fashion of the world had long since passed away. As an evidence of this, they returned to the Society of Friends, from which they had formerly

been excluded. They devoted much of their time and substance to the claims of religion and benevolence. Indeed, both nephew and aunts seemed to have but one end in view—to spend the remainder of their days in promoting the glory of God and the welfare of their fellow men; and not only did Providence, in the end, compensate them for their past temporal losses, but bestowed on them a happiness to which, in former years, they were strangers. Their home was the scene of peace, affection, and true religion. It was truly like the home at Bethany, where Lazarus and his sisters dwelt, and which the occasional visits of Jesus converted into a little heaven.

This domestic happiness continued until the year 1837, when it was broken by the death of Mrs. Grant. She died at the age of eighty-five, and was interred at the Friends' Burying Ground, St. Sepulchre Street.

But it was his surviving aunt, Miss Wilmer, to whom Dr. Murray was most ardently attached. She had been his guardian from earliest boyhood; she had educated him out of her own limited income; she had accompanied him in all his educational and professional movements; indeed, she lived for his sake, and loved him as her own son. The love which he bore to her was some-

thing truly wonderful, and constitutes one of the most striking features in his character. Seldom has such affection been equalled, even by a son —never, perhaps, has it been surpassed by a nephew. As we examine the proofs of it, we feel less surprise at the solemn resolution which he made, "never to marry during his aunt's lifetime." His affection for her was touchingly evinced at the close of her life, and even more so after she was gone. He watched by her bedside night and day, and deemed no personal inconvenience too great that he might minister to her wants. The following memorandum will speak for itself:—

"18th Feb., 1849.—My beloved aunt was at the window to greet me as I returned from a short walk."

"21st.—Last dinner which my dearest Aunt Wilmer ate with me at table. In the evening we took tea together, she in bed. We had family prayers in her bedroom. I read to her for the last time, Luke xix chap., and the hymn beginning 'All hail the power of Jesu's name.'"

"22nd.—All things worse."

"23rd.—The day of dying, and the night of death."

"24th.—*Twenty minutes before three, a.m.!*"

She was ninety-five years old when she died. It seems her mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Death to her had no terrors; she spake of her decease with as much composure as if it were an ordinary incident in her life. To

Hawkridge she said, "Remember to take the utmost care of him," meaning her nephew.

The following lines written by Dr. Murray, indicate the delicate attention she received at his hands:—

> "With her he prayed, with her his Bible read,
> Soothed the faint heart, or held the aching head;
> He came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer.
> Apart he prayed, alone he shed the tear;
> Then, as if breaking from a cloud, he gave
> Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave."

No other voice soothed her dying spirit and pointed her to Jesus. When her spirit had fled, such was his exhaustion of mind and body, that he sunk into a deep sleep by the side of her bed, from which he could not be aroused for several hours. On the morning after her decease it was affecting to behold his grief. His hair had turned almost grey during the night. The following touching record is found in his note book:—

"24th February, 1849.—Here I lost my more than mother, who died full of years, and of love and faith in Jesus, after a union of her and myself, as a parent and child, for 65 years."

"1st March.—The closing up of the coffin. Thrice did I see the body this day. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

"2nd March.—The funeral left the house at a quarter-past ten a.m."

She was interred beside her sister in the Friends' Burying Ground. It is evident that the death of this aunt struck a chord in his heart, which vibrated, with sorrow, for many years after. He visited her grave regularly up to the last year of his life, and often knelt beside it. At every anniversary of her death and burial a record is made in his note book. Take the following:—

"23rd February, 1852.—Three years have now passed away since I lost her who was my more than life. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

"2nd March.—Three years have just gone by since the funeral left the house at a quarter-past ten a.m."

"23rd February, 1853.—Four years have passed since I lost my Aunt Wilmer—my more than mother. I sat up till twenty minutes before three a.m., the fatal hour, when she fell asleep in Jesus, as I fully believe. I hope, through Him, to meet her again. Why, then, should I mourn?"

"24th February.—On this day, a hundred years ago, was my beloved Aunt Wilmer born. Bless God! for giving me her as a mother for many years. May we meet before the throne of a reconciled God in Christ?"

"23rd February, 1854.—Five years have now passed away since my more than natural mother—my friend, my guide, my benefactress from childhood to old age—died. I sat up till three a.m. of the 24th in very solemn prayer, praise and retrospect till twenty minutes before that hour. O, God! thy will, not mine; or, more truly, thy will be mine in all things. Amen."

"1857.—Eight years have passed since I lost the dearest of created beings; from two to three a.m. I kept watch."

"1863.—Remember this night of bereavement, and the wonderful support I had. 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'"

Almost in every page of his note books are found these simple records, "The grave!" "The precious grave!" "That grave!" Some readers may think, in such records, there is a display of weakness; say if it be not, rather, a display of strength—the strength of love, which neither time nor death could weaken? These notes were, evidently, not written for the public eye—they are the wailings and musings of his heart in solitude. But do they not give us an insight into his soul, and reveal the depth of his love? Verily the words of David are applicable to him, 'Thy love was wonderful, passing the love of women.'"

Dr. Murray was now left at Belle Vue, sole possessor of the property of his aunts. It consisted, for the most part, of tenements in London, and investments in the funds; the total income derivable therefrom was probably about £1,400 a year. No changes were made in the domestic establishment. The servants had been in the family for many years, and were regarded by their master more as personal friends than domestics. They served him, not so much from duty, as from affection. They endeavoured to anticipate all his wishes, and vied with each other in securing his favour. Such kindness was warmly appreciated by him, and many were the tokens given them of his gratitude and esteem. After coming down

stairs in the morning, it was his habit to enter his kitchen, to salute his servants, and to shake each by the hand. For a few minutes domestic work was suspended, while he repeated a hymn, and invoked the Divine blessing upon them for the day. After breakfast he retired to his room, for private meditation and prayer. This was a season so sacred that nothing was allowed to interrupt it. Even if guests were in the house, or visitors made early calls, he would reserve this one hour unbroken, for communion with God. It was in the closet that the roots of his spiritual life were nourished, and that his graces grew into strength and beauty. The smiles that beamed on his countenance were surely the reflections of Divine glory, after he had been with Jesus.

Until Miss Wilmer's death he had invariably used a prayer book in his devotions, but afterwards it was entirely laid aside, and he gave expression to the wants of his soul in his own language. He used to say "a child goes to his father, and just asks what he needs; why should not we approach our Heavenly Father in the same way?" His prayers in the family were simple and somewhat colloquial, but always breathing the spirit of devotion. It was like a child speaking to his father. His prayers in public were sometimes very impressive. We have knelt with him in the

cottage of the sick and at the social prayer meeting, and have been struck with his apparent nearness to God. It was, indeed, the threshold of Heaven. We remember him once calling to speak about a matter which had occasioned a difference of opinion. Before commencing the conversation, he suggested that we should spend a few minutes in prayer. Notwithstanding all his piety and natural amiability, it may surprise some that he was somewhat hasty in temper. When off his guard he would evince a touchiness and irritability unlike himself. Of this infirmity he was deeply conscious, and, though it was seen only as a passing cloud, yet it often humbled him in the dust. He has been known to agonize in prayer for hours, that it might be removed. When he came forth from his closet, his spirit was as that of a weaned child. As he drew nearer heaven this natural infirmity was mastered, if not entirely removed. Grace was stronger than nature, and, in the evening of life he was, to all who knew him, "An Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

His fondness for flowers was excessive; also for animals. He had an old oak chair in his greenhouse, in which he sat, and where the forenoon was sometimes spent. This was to him his floral library, where he read, in living things, the

wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Every bud, every petal, every leaf had a tongue to speak His praise. Animals were treated by him almost as rational beings. The dog watched his eye, and sunned himself beneath his smile; the canary struck up its music when he appeared; the chickens hurried to meet him; robin redbreast had a house of his own erected for him by the study window, and, during the winter, he repaid the kindness of his benefactor by the best pieces of song he knew.

Dr. Murray was fond of hymns. He committed many of them to memory, and transcribed many more into the scrap book which always lay on the table before him. The following are a few specimens of his own composition :—

"Jesus! I seek thy quickening ray,
And bless it at the dawn of day,
Or in my noontide sun-bright way,
Or if in evening shades I stray,
Or when in midnight gloom I pray;
Thou art my all, by day, by night,
My shield, my pole-star, my delight.

"P. M."

"If trials frown, or passions tear me,
Or to sin temptations call,
Oh think of him who died on Calvary,
And never, never, shall I fall.

Oh look to him who died on Calvary,
In faith behold that cross-crowned hill;
There Jesus pray'd and bled for me.
My soul be thankful, and be still.

"P. M."

"Saviour of sinners! hear my cry,
And save a sinner, or I die;
My great High Priest, O plead for me,
That I from death and sin be free;
Send thy blest Spirit from above,
To seal me with the seal of love.

"P. M."

"John, xix, 6.

"I am the Way that leads to yonder sky,
I am the Truth which gives true liberty;
I am the Life that ne'er shall end,
Though oceans roar, the rocks and mountains rend;
None can approach th' Almighty Father's throne,
But those I guide, the sheep I call mine own.

"P. M."

"Think what the brightness of that glory is,
Where God himself (pure light
In his immediate presence) dwells
In self-proceeding uncreated day,
The sun and centre of ten thousand worlds.

"P. M."

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD THE TRUEST INDEPENDENCE.

"May we say that if there had been but one sinner only, the broken law of God could have been atoned and fulfilled only by Jesus Christ, and would have required that sacrifice and that fulfilment which no created being could give?

"P. M."

"At the Judgment Day, I should dread more the frown of the Man Jesus Christ—of Him who wept over Jerusalem, than the penalty of hell, excepting only as that hell would separate me from His presence.

"P. M."

"Heaven can not, will not be a place of bliss, not heaven to me, unless Jesus be present; the soul enjoying blessedness only as the gift undeserved of Jesus Christ—as a gift from a very dear friend is far more precious than anything of our own procuring.

"P. M."

"O lead me to yon sheltering Rock,
Where, shaded from the scorching ray,
Thy crook will guard me lest I stray;
Or when the cloudy shadows fly,
Guide to that bubbling streamlet nigh.

"P. M."

UPON A PENNY LOAF, BY BUNYAN.

"The price a penny is in time of plenty,
In famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty;
Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set,
When there is but one penny loaf to get."

Comparison,—

"This loaf an emblem of the word of God,
A thing of low esteem before the Rod
Of famine smites the soul with fear of death,
And then it is our all, our life, our breath."

The two last lines of the hymn on the atonement by M. de Barreux:—

"Yet on no place will e'en thy bolts descend,
That Christ's atoning blood does not defend."

"That God should indeed have called me into life and happiness, and lasting joys. Oh! praise, praise.

"P. M."

The following note, addressed to a friend, will introduce the subsequent Latin translation:—

"My Dear Sir,—

"I beg leave to send you a volume of Pope's Works, where, in a letter to Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard S., you will read, with pleasure, no doubt, the first sketch of the celebrated paraphrase of Adrian's soliloquy. But even Mr. Pope's prose translation is far from literal, though very beautiful. I venture, therefore, to give a version as close as that of a school-boy, without any mounting of my Pegasus, though the subject is really a tempting one, and

"Believe me,

"Yours truly,

"P. MURRAY."

"Animula, vagula, blandula
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!"

"My little immaterial part, fleeting, gentle as thou art; the guest and companion at once of this body, ah! whither art thou wandering now? pale, trembling, and naked; no longer full of playful jest, as thou so late wast wont to be."

He was accustomed to long walks, and to this *habit may be* attributed his remarkable health

and longevity. In these walks, mental pleasure was combined with physical exercise. Flowers in the woods, fossils in quarries, minerals in the cliffs, pebbles by the sea shore—all these objects afforded him real enjoyment. We give the following notes, selected almost at random :—

"1853, September.—A very pleasant walk through Raincliffe Woods, Seamer Moor, &c.—twelve miles. For health and strength, blessed be God."

"1854, April.—A splendid day. I had a very long and lovely walk to Cloughton Wyke, and to the wood above it, where daffodils grow in extraordinary beauty and numbers."—"Walked to Seamer Moor—to the far end, and gathered the Vac Vitis. Idæa in bloom. Blessed be God!"

"1855, January.—Walked through Raincliffe, to the Derwent and back. Praised be my God for such a conclusion of the first week of the year!"

"1860, May.—Walk to Stone Nags. White and blue hyacinths lovely and beautiful. Thanks to my God for health."

"1863, August.—I had a very agreeable ramble to Stone Nags, &c. *Laus Deo*, for such health and strength!"

On his return from his walks he dined. No visitors were admitted after five o'clock. Unless to preside at a public meeting, the evenings were spent either in examining his collections of coins, shells, &c., or in reading.

During his absence from home his domestics were his chief correspondents. His letters, though brief and uninteresting to the general reader, will, at least, exhibit his attachment to Belle

Vue and its inmates. The following are selected from a large packet:—

"*London, March 26th*, 1851.

"I indeed thank you for your letter, which I received this morning, just before my breakfast, and making the meal most comfortable by such tidings of yourself, my worthy J., and the other maidens. Thank God!—I had a hard day yesterday, harder, I truly believe in walking, than if I had been to Filey and back. The lodging keepers are all on the look out for May, but I hope to have one or two strings to my bow.

"Remember me to Jane and my other maidens, and I trust, by the favour of God, to leave London to-morrow, and be at dear Belle Vue in the evening. God bless you!

"My dear H.,

"P. MURRAY."

"*London, May 29th.*

"Your letter this morning was a real greeting to me, telling me you were on the improve, and that good J. and all were so well, by the mercy of our common Father. As to myself, I am favoured with marvellous health. May I be more and more thankful; and, I repeat, my intentions are to leave London to-morrow by the 9-30 a.m. train, and to dine at my beloved home. Yesterday was too wet to visit the Zoological Gardens, but to-day I purpose so doing. Mr. R. W., the director, saw me at York, and directed a guard to see after me at Peterborough and at King's Cross, but I never saw him at either place; but his loss of 2s. 6d. was not any loss to me, for, at King's Cross, a policeman, seeing me looking out for a cab with my baggage, kindly came up, carried my traps, and selected a cab, and ordered the driver round to the Telegraph Office. How very civil and attentive! Present my congratulations to my Christian friend Mr. B., with my prayers; and may our Lord God bless you all, is, dear H., the prayer of

"Your affectionate friend and master,

"P. MURRAY."

The following letters are dated from Knaresborough during visits to his "old quarters":—

"*Knaresborough, August 20th*, 1853.

"With the finest weather imaginable, and the kindest attention from my friends here, I am blest, too, with perfect health, after a pleasant journey to Kirkman Bank. I trust by the favour of God to return to my beloved home on Monday as I proposed, and also trusting by the same gracious favour, you and J. and the maidens are all equally well and comfortable. Yesterday, I made my first visit in Knaresborough to your father, and am happy to add that both he and E. looked remarkably well. Only think how kind of the good old man, to take the trouble of coming down on Thursday to the station with E., to see me arrive, but they kept themselves out of sight. Many other old friends, likewise, were there on the look-out. To-day, Mr. W. C. and I pay a visit to Ripley, to see Lady Ingelby.

"With every good wish to the maidens,

"I am, ever your affectionate friend and master,

"P. MURRAY."

"*Knaresborough, July 22nd*, 1859.

"With deep thankfulness to my God, let me first say how perfectly well I am; and am nearly overwhelmed with the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. and every member of their family. I remain here till to-morrow, and, by the blessing of God, trust to reach my dear home at 8·30. May God grant me to find you nearly restored, and J. and M. all well! Say to all everything kind from me. Yesterday, I visited your sisters, and am happy to add, found both looking far better than I expected. My visit was very short, but very comforting.

"God bless you, my faithful P. H. is the prayer of

"P. MURRAY."

The following were written from Scarborough:—

"*Scarborough*, 14*th Sept.*, 1856.

"The very welcome and pleasing letter did not arrive till after I had closed up the newspaper, but I cannot refrain from writing to say what a pity it will be if you do not give another day to your father and sister, or at the very least do not leave them till *late* on the Monday, and in that case sleep at York. I have just come from Church, where Dr. Whiteside gave a most able and stirring sermon from Rev. iii. 20, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' &c. He made a forcible appeal for our Bible meeting on Tuesday. The Vicar also made a touching allusion to the loss of Mrs. ——, and an awakening one to the awfully sudden death of ——. The Lord's Table was numerously attended this morning by 140 communicants. Remember me most kindly to your father and sister; and may God bless and preserve you, is the earnest prayer of

"Your affectionate master and friend,

"P. MURRAY."

Scarborough, Sunday Morning.

"I was rejoiced, upon opening P.'s letter to you, to learn such favourable accounts of your good father, and let me add, not a little glad also, that you have paid him your visit of duty and love, which must be a great comfort to him; and I very much wish and recommend you to remain with the dear and aged invalid, at *least a few days*, till you see *how he goes on.* You really should do so, as we are quite well at Belle Vue. God bless you and yours is the best conclusion of

"Your affectionate friend and master.

"P. MURRAY."

The following letters were written to his servants, in London, during a holiday given them at the Exhibition:—

"*Scarborough*, 1862.

"Your welcome letter caused me both joy and thankfulness, *and to all here.* I am (praise to God) quite, nay even uncommonly

well, and so are we all. R. all attention and thoughtfulness; and everything going on most pleasantly, save and except the weather. Everything about the house and garden recalls something done by you for my comfort and pleasure.

"I am so glad that E. and J. bore the long journey so bravely, and hope and trust they will spend a week of no common, rational enjoyment. May our Father in heaven bless and protect you and them, and restore you all in health and safety home!

"Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

"P. MURRAY."

"*Scarborough*, 12*th Aug.*, 1862.

"Your two most pleasant and welcome letters have greeted me this morning, and been causes of sincere thankfulness to the Giver of all good, that you and J. and E. are so well and comfortable; and with equal thankfulness let me write the same of myself. Yesterday was so fine that I was equal to walk to Row Brow, nearly to the top, but I did not search the woods, and did not find the Pyrola Media, and merely brought back some lovely specimens of the Queen of the Meadows, and returned hardly tired at all. You really have done much at the Exhibition. I am glad you go to the Abbey service, and, also, to the parks, which would delight E. and J. especially. I trust, in mercy, to receive you safe and well on Thursday evening. May our God protect you all! Even our dog and birds will be glad to see you.

"I am, ever, your affectionate friend.

"P. MURRAY."

"*Scarborough, Saturday, August* 9*th.*

"Your letter, just received, was indeed most pleasing, with the single blot of the rainy weather. Everything going on most comfortably at our house, blessed be God! so do not, on any account, think of returning before Thursday. Say, from me, everything kind to dear J. & E. Remember that the return fare, from York to Scarborough, is an extra, not to be included in our previous arrangement. Yesterday, Mr. L., on his return from town, called, and gave me, as a remembrance

of my 80th year, a coin of Herod the Great, a prize I had been wishing for many a year—about the size of a silver twopenny piece, in unusually good keeping, but very rude in execution.

"*Sunday Morning.*

"P.S.—I have returned from the Bar Church, after hearing an admirable sermon 'on holy faith and principle, as specially shown by the three young men in Daniel, who were thrown into the fiery furnace.' The congregation very large.

"I am, always, your affectionate friend and master,

"P. MURRAY."

In 1861 he was seized with an affection in the eyes, which compelled him to seek medical advice in London. The following letters have reference to this:—

"*London, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi,*

"*27th May*, 1861.

"I have just finished an excellent breakfast, and, before I start for Mr. Bowman's, I write to say that I have my old quarters and everything well; praise God! and may he bless the remedies for my eyes, and may he also graciously give you restoration, and keep you and dear J., and all, in safety and health. My journey was remarkably pleasant as to weather and company, especially meeting with a most Christian young gentleman—Mr. Elliot, friend of Col. Rowlandson, who watched over me like a son. I hope the telegram reached you in good time, for it was sent off soon after six o'clock, and done by a most intelligent, civil boy. Only think how kind Mr. E. was! So anxious to know how I got on, that he actually called this morning to learn how I was. Unfortunately I was out, and out I was till between four and five o'clock. I wrote from Mr. M's. office, and I must say that the whole oculist affair was very, very unsatisfactory and vague. I write now (seven p.m.) with the pupil of my afflicted eye still as large as a silver penny, but with small inconvenience. However, I am very tired and sleepy. Blessed be

our Lord for so many comforts and light! May that God of love guard my dear household and friends. I am afraid you could hardly read my letter from Mr. M's. office, but it was written with a vile pen, therefore, do not be uneasy about my eye being the cause.

"Wednesday.—Hosannah! I have seen Mr. Critchett, of Finsbury Square, and am thankful indeed to state his clear and decided opinion is that the optic nerve is not diseased, but the complaint is in one of the fluids of the eye, the vitreous or glassy, an opinion very similar to that of Dr. Gull, and not likely to destroy or much lessen vision; likely, however, to be lasting. The left eye, he said, was a perfect model of an aged eye. The bodily strength to be kept up, and all violent remedies avoided, and to dismiss all anxiety. Mr. C.'s manner is the most pleasing and kind, and his examination very close and minute. All praise to God! Tell all this good news to Dr. S. I hope to be with you all on Friday to dinner, but pray do not hazard yourself by attending at the station. Mind this. From

"P. M."

On his return home on this occasion the writer met him at the station, and accompanied him to Belle Vue. On crossing his threshold he stopped, uncovered his head, and lifted up his heart to God in acknowledgment of His goodness in bringing him safely back. This is the record of the occasion:—"By the love and mercy of God, I arrived all well and happy at dear Belle Vue, and, there, all well and happy also. Hosannah!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light."

DIARY—RECORDS OF BIRTHDAYS—OF NEW YEAR DAYS—PRESENTATION OF HIS PORTRAIT—SERIOUS ACCIDENT—HIS CHURCHMANSHIP—COMMUNION AT BELLE VUE—ATTENDANCE AT ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH AND BAR CHURCH—CABMEN — DOMESTIC FESTIVITIES — ILLNESS — CLOSING SCENE—FUNERAL.

IN the previous chapter, a few extracts have been given from Dr. Murray's diary, illustrative of his character as a man and a Christian. This diary was regularly kept till within three days of his death, and though there were but few striking incidents in his daily life to record, yet the simple jottings themselves breathe a devout spirit, worthy of notice. As pieces of wood or *of seaweed,* drifting past the ship, indicate to the

voyager that land is near, so the brief records in this diary, towards the close of life, indicate his approach to the better country. This is especially noticeable in the allusions to his birth-days, which were occasions for the inscription of gratitude and praise. Take the following:—

"30th March, 1855.—Another birthday, when I enter my 74th year. Praise to God!"

"1856.—I completed my 74th year. Oh! may these years thus given be not wholly lost, but devoted to the great end for which they were given through Jesus."

"1860.—The Lord of mercy has now vouchsafed to me the completion of my 79th year, and in wonderfully renewed health and strength. How can I enough praise Him? Hosannah!"

"1862.—This day, by the goodness of my Heavenly Father, I am 80 years old, and still blest with much health, strength, and intellect, and unnumbered comforts, spiritual and bodily, all of the Lord!"

"1863.—Eighty-one years ago was I called into existence. Blessed be the Author of my being, and my God! Oh, give me more love, more grace! How marvellous is such a prolongation of my life, and with renewed health and strength! Hosannah!"

The following lines were addressed to him by a friend, on his attaining his 80th year:—

"'*As thy days so shall thy strength be.*'—Deuteronomy, c. xxxiii, v. 25.

"Pilgrim over life's highway,
Drop thy staff and *rest* to-day,
For *refreshment*, *not* for *ease*,
Nor to gaze on vanities;
Count thy mercies—not a few,
All thy early vows renew.

"Pray for wisdom, strength, and love,
For the faith that points above,
That the dear Immanuel
Ever in thy heart may dwell;
Dissipate each rising care,
Raise a living altar there.

"'Rough and thorny is the road'
Leading to thy bright abode;
Stumbling blocks around are spread,
Tempests gather overhead;
Patience whispers 'I am tried'—
Falters—fain would turn aside.

"What, though conflicts thee await,
Ere thou enter Heaven's pearl-gate?
Highly temper'd is the sword
Girded by thy faithful Lord;
Prov'n and bright the armour given
To each candidate for Heaven.

"Thus supplied for every need,
Pilgrim—on thy way proceed;
Leave thy staff—'twill be no loss,
Hasten to resume thy cross;
Glorious visions thou shalt see!
'*As thy day thy strength shall be.*'"

The beginning and ending of each year were also periods of grateful remembrance. Take the following:—

"31st December, 1862.—Oh, my God! This is the conclusion of another year. Accept my blessings and thanks for most wonderful mercies and loving-kindnesses."

"1863.—Oh, my Father in Heaven! Again hast thou spared me to the ending of another year, and hast nearly restored me to health and strength. Thou hast graciously visited me, through the year, with many a dear season of prayer and *praise*—all through Thy beloved Son, my pleader. And let me

thank Thee for many kindnesses and watchful attentions from my servants, and from several valued friends. Amen."

It is very beautiful to find these simple records, and to see how the aged Christian traced every blessing up to his God. We might multiply these extracts, but we forbear. It appears that before taking his medicine he always invoked the Divine blessing upon it, the same as in taking his food; he did the same even in taking a drink of water. His medical attendant and friends were each mentioned by name at the Throne of Grace. Every incident that occurred, or benefit received, seemed to afford him fresh materials for prayer and praise. Prayer was the element in which he lived. The sunshine of heaven illumined his soul, and rendered his life one continuous hymn of praise to God. Religion, as exemplified in him, was a thing of joy, "a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

In the year 1859, a pleasing tribute of respect was paid him by his fellow-townsmen. He was requested to sit for his portrait, that it might be placed in the Town Hall. In order that rich and poor might contribute to this testimonial, the subscription from each person was limited to a small sum. The commission was intrusted to Mr. Crighton, of Edinburgh. The doctor is represented in a sitting posture, his countenance

beaming with benevolence, and his lips open as if about to speak. The presentation was made by Sir J. V. B. Johnstone, Bart., on the 25th of June, in the presence of a large assembly. The Mayor accepted the portrait, on behalf of the Corporation, as a fitting memorial of one so universally beloved, whose living presence they were thankful to have still amongst them, and who would be missed and remembered when he was gone. This portrait now hangs in the Town Hall, almost over the chair which he so often occupied on public occasions, and cannot fail to recall many pleasing associations of the dear old man.

On the 14th March, 1859, he was present when the foundation stone of Claremont Chapel was laid. In the middle of the ceremony the platform gave way, and the doctor and several others were precipitated to the ground. Though severely shaken by the fall, he was able to preside at a public meeting in the evening; but, on the following day, symptoms of internal injury appeared, and a long period of physical prostration followed, which confined him to the house. As the torch, when smitten, burns brighter, so it was with him during this affliction. He regarded it as administered by his Father's hand, and designed for his spiritual good. Thus, secluded *from the world*, he was alone with Jesus. By

this his faith was strengthened, his hope brightened, his love kindled, and his whole spirit sanctified, so that when he came forth from the affliction, he could say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Almost his first act after his recovery was to attend the opening service of the chapel where the accident occurred. This is the record of it—"I attended service at Claremont Chapel, and offered therein my public thanks to Almighty God for my gracious preservation and restoration. Hallelujah!" The anniversary of the day of his accident had always its "stone of remembrance." This is one of the inscriptions thereon:—"On this day, twelve months ago, did I meet with my accident—a day of deep thankfulness for this my recovery. Hosannah!"

Dr. Murray was an attached member of the Church of England. He regularly attended at Christ Church until the year 1857, when "choral service" was introduced into the worship. This he regarded as an innovation, inconsistent with the solemn worship of Almighty God, and it deeply wounded his heart. "Think," he said, "of 'miserable offenders' daring to approach their Maker in such an artificial manner! Were a beggar to come to my door intoning his petition for alms, he should be sent empty away.

What else can a suppliant expect, at the door of mercy, unless he comes 'with reverence and godly fear?'" After this he never entered Christ Church, but went to St. Thomas's, where the service was conducted in a way more congenial with his taste. Such a step, evidently taken under strong convictions of duty, was exceedingly characteristic of him. Whatever sacrifice of feeling or of friendship might be involved, he did what he believed to be right. At St. Thomas's, his atendance was frequently interrupted by attacks of illness, but his connection with it was kept up by the occasional celebration of the Communion at his own house. Such seasons were very refreshing to his soul, and are recorded in his diary with thankfulness. Take the following:—

"Thanks to my Saviour! I am greatly better. The Holy Communion administered to me and my household by the Rev. W. Keys. May we all remember the dying love of Jesus!"

Again:

"A Communion service at Belle Vue. I hope a sanctified one to us all; peculiarly solemn and refreshing. Glory be to God!"

About this time his general health was greatly enfeebled. He found the walk to St. Thomas's

Church fatiguing, so that he occasionally worshipped at the Bar Church, which was nearer to his own house During the last few years of his life, he was not only a worshipper there, but a communicant. This circumstance brought him more into personal intercourse with the pastor, who has been thereby enabled to supply reminiscences for this memoir which otherwise he could not have done.

Many persons have thought that the doctor's connection with a Nonconformist place of worship involved the surrender of his principles as a member of the Established Church. It was not so. He remained a member of that church until his death, but he was not one who thought religion could not thrive beyond the pale of his own communion. His Christianity was higher than his churchmanship; he loved his Bible more than the Prayer-book; he loved his Saviour more than his Church; and he loved the people of God wherever he found them, and always felt at home amongst them. Not only did he look over the fences that separate one communion from another, but he tried to break them down, and he regarded the act as well-pleasing unto God. We accept this as an evidence of his "growth in grace," and that at the close of his life he was ripening for that world which he was soon

to enter, and where denominational distinctions are unknown.

His attacks of illness became more frequent and alarming. His frame seemed fragile and bent —his nights were more often sleepless; yet, notwithstanding the increasing infirmities of his body, his spirits were as buoyant and hopeful as ever. Such notes as the following frequently occur about this period:—"A so-so night, but blessed be the Lord!" Again, "a trying, nearly sleepless night. Bless my God! for much comfort and spiritual communion." These sleepless nights were often spent in repeating texts of scripture, and in uttering ejaculatory prayer to God. David's experience was his, as expressed in the 63rd Psalm: "When I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches. Because Thou hast been my help, therefore, in the shadow of Thy wings, will I rejoice." Again, he records:—"I had not only a nearly sleepless night, but cramp. Very unwell." Next day:—"Greatly better. All praise to God! The Rev. —— prayed with us all most sweetly at Belle Vue; a high privilege." After one of his severe attacks, we remember him appearing at the Bar Church, and requesting the following notice to be read:—"*A very aged man, a worshipper in this house of prayer, returns his most humble and*

grateful thanks to Almighty God for mercifully restoring him from a most dangerous and nearly hopeless illness." As long as he was able to attend, his seat at the morning service was seldom vacant. Many are the records made of his enjoyment of the means of grace. His soul craved the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, and it was to him ever fresh and adapted to his spiritual need. Especially was the morning communion hallowed. "He enjoyed," he said, "the quiet solemnity of it." He preferred, that the memorials of Divine love should be allowed to speak to the heart, in silence, and when the servant was lost sight of in the presence of his Master. Often did he retire from this service with his heart burning within him, as if, like the beloved disciple, he had been leaning on the Saviour's bosom. So fearful was he lest this love should be quenched by trivial conversation afterwards, that he avoided seeing any one. He frequently returned home alone, that he might "walk with God." Once he said, "I wish to take a roundabout way to my house, so that Mr. —— may not find me in, if he should call; his conversation is not edifying on the Lord's day." He seldom attended public service more than once in the day. In the evening he had "a church in the house" with his servants; the Scriptures were read in the

morning, sometimes a sermon followed, and then they knelt at the Throne of Grace.

Whenever his health permitted, he was found in his wonted fields of usefulness. By the termination of certain annuities, his income, during his last years, was diminished by many hundreds of pounds. He was, therefore, unable to put down his name for large sums; but his charities to the poor, his annual subscriptions to societies, and his treats to schools, were continued as usual. The following are a few records:—"Lancasterian Scholars, 290 buns; Amicable Scholars, 86; most pleasing meetings! Oh, what delight this, to be enabled to give innocent pleasure! What a privilege from my God! Amen." Again: "Opening of the New Wesleyan Chapel opposite Belle Vue, to which I had given (and a blessed honour and privilege) a handsome pulpit bible." Again: "I had the honour of laying the foundation stone of the new Sunday School of the Bar Church. The day was most propitious, the assembly large, and the occasion pleasing and hallowed." Again: "Church Missionary Meeting, but was unable to attend. Privileged to have, as my guests, Colonel Rowlandson, and the Rev. Mr. Money, the deputation." Again: "The annual tea and supper, by the Rev. —— and myself, to the cabmen and their wives, ninety-five in number."

This supper originated five years ago, and was designed to bring the cabmen together, during the winter, for religious instruction and prayer. The doctor took much interest in these gatherings, and became greatly endeared to the men by his kindness towards them. The following letter was written on the last occasion :—

"*Belle Vue.*

"My Dear Friend,

"Will you be so kind as to express to our esteemed guests, the cabmen and their wives, my special regret and disappointment at thus being prevented attending their social, and, I trust, pleasant meeting; and do, pray, likewise say that I do not forget the respectful and obliging attentions of several of the cabmen in offering to convey me, free of all expense, to the School Room; and, also, even in the summer, when they observed me coming from a long walk in the outskirts of the town. With my hearty good wishes to all, and apologies to you for thus troubling you, my dear Mr. ——,

"Believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"P. MURRAY."

The year 1863 commences thus : — "Our Father, in Heaven, bless us in the new year! The Rev. —— prayed affectionately and devoutly at Belle Vue for me and my household. Praise to the Lord!" His health, at the early part of this year was, on the whole, good. Though his fainting attacks were frequent, still he could occasionally walk round Oliver's Mount, and even so far as Burniston. In the month of June he

was able to pay his visit to London. His return is recorded as follows:—"By the love and mercy of God, P. H. and I arrived well and happy at dear Belle Vue, and there all well and happy also. Hosannah!".

We have already had evidence of his attachment to his servants. The following notes will illustrate this fact still further. We give them because they are characteristic of their beloved master:—

"24th August.—A peculiarly pleasant dinner at Belle Vue, in honour of my dear P. H. completing the 47th year of his being with me; all social happiness. Let me thank my God!"

"24th October.—A very pleasing dinner to Jane J., in honour of her completing the 25th year of her service at Belle Vue; and, by the blessing of God, she and all of us are well."

"13th November.—A jubilee dinner to Rachel J., on entering the 20th year of her faithful service to my beloved aunt and myself."

These were the last festivities celebrated at Belle Vue. The time was drawing nigh when this happy household was to be dissolved, their generous master taken from them, and their beloved home to be occupied by others.

Towards the close of the year, he was seized with a severe attack of hœmaturia, which confined him entirely to the house. It was evident to his medical attendant, Dr. Smart, that such attacks were exhausting his strength, and that

his life was in a precarious state. Yet no one could perceive, from the patient's cheerful demeanour, that he entertained any serious apprehensions of a fatal issue. On the 2nd January he records:—"I am, by the blessing of God, advancing to recovery, but still in the house, happy and grateful for such an endeared habitation, with all its comforts and with affectionate attentions."

The following letter will more fully describe his malady, and at the same time, his kind solicitude for others in suffering:—

"My dear Sir,

"For these kind and truly Christian attentions and inquiries from Mrs. —— and yourself (yourself such a fellow-sufferer), I can hardly say enough. May I state something which perhaps may be some little comfort and encouragement to you, and how? My attack has been a most severe hœmorrhage of the kidneys, unattended, however, by any severe pain, excepting some tenderness in the left loin. By the mercy and love of my Lord, it has nearly passed away, leaving not anything but exhaustion. Hallelujah!

"Let all this say and speak somewhat of encouragement to you, dear Sir, even if you should have much hœmorrhage. I have had similar attacks for at least fourteen years, but never at all so serious. Dr. S.'s skill and attention worthy of all praise, but he is very decided as to my avoiding all exposure or exertion, so that I have not even attended my favourite distribution of buns, &c., to the Lancasterian and Infant Schools, but have a most able substitute in dear Mr. ——.

"Excuse my long letter, and with every christian and friendly remembrance to my much esteemed Mrs. ——,

"Believe me, your's affectionately,

"*Belle Vue.*" "P. MURRAY.

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While thus confined to the house, we had almost daily interviews with him. Our conversation was chiefly about the love of Jesus, the advancement of His kingdom on earth, and the glory and felicity of the heavenly world. At one of those interviews, we remember him saying, with much emphasis, "I have no works to boast of; but for the merit of Jesus, I am undone for ever." We seldom were allowed to leave the house until he had summoned his servants to prayer. All domestic work, however important, was suspended that they might kneel around the family altar. These were hallowed seasons to us all: "how sweet their memory still!"

The Rev. J. Hargreaves, his friend and neighbour, often had similar interviews with him; but to none of us, not even to himself, did the end appear so nigh. His aunt having lived to the age of ninety-five, he thought his own pilgrimage might possibly be prolonged for a while, and that, with the lingering light of his day, he might yet work for Christ. Though his bodily strength was feeble, his intellect was as clear and vigorous as ever. As an evidence of it, he began to read a work on "Ancient Egypt," recently published. On the very week of his death we traced with him, on a map, Captain Speke's African journey in discovering the source of the Nile. Ah, little

did we think, that ere the week closed, his own journey would be ended, and the heavenly Canaan reached! Death came to him somewhat suddenly, but it took him at no disadvantage. His worldly affairs were all arranged; his soul had long since been committed into the hands of his Saviour, so that he had "nothing to do but die."

On the morning when the death stroke fell, he came down stairs as usual, and went about his accustomed duties. His little dog received, from his hands, its expected bit of cake; his canary received its morning supply. He then went into the kitchen to greet his servants, and to give them his wonted blessing. They were at once startled at his haggard appearance, and, on their inquiring how he was, he said that "he had spent a sleepless night." Feeling much exhausted, he requested a couch to be prepared for him in the adjoining room, but, before he could reach it, he was seized with *Angina pectoris*. Was there any excitement or alarm produced? Not in the least. With his hands clasped as in prayer, and with a smile on his countenance, he exclaimed, "This must be death!" Hawkridge, and the other servants, assisted him up stairs to bed. Turning round on the landing, he said to the youngest, "My dear girl, what should I do *now* if I had religion to seek?

Oh! seek Jesus when young." Dr. Smart was immediately summoned, and was successful in affording temporary relief; but, on the following day, the paroxysms returned with greater intensity, and, though the same remedies were applied as before, they failed to reach the malady. Yet, in the midst of his sufferings, he never murmured, but took a firmer grasp of his Saviour's hand. During the night he repeated portions of the penitential psalms, and frequently the words "Holy, holy, holy, Lord!" were on his lips. Once, after an acute spasm, he cried out, "My Father, my Father." Surely the Father's ear was open to that cry! His sufferings, from that moment, ceased. Gradually he sank into a state of unconsciousness: at least, so it seemed to those who were with him. At an early hour of the morning I was summoned to his bed-side. The message was startling. "Come at once if you would see him alive!" A few minutes later, I should not have witnessed the closing scene. Bending over him, with his hand in mine, I asked him if he knew me—but there was no answer. I asked him if he felt happy—still no answer. I then said "Is Jesus with you now?" He gently turned his head toward me, as if he recognised that precious name. Remembering his favourite hymn, I began to repeat it:—

"Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

I had only proceeded thus far when he opened his eyes wide. I thought, at first, it was a last look of recognition; but no, there was too much brightness in those eyes for that. They were surely gazing up into Heaven, and the brightness visible was from thence. We all knelt down, and commended his departing spirit to God. While doing so, there was a slight tremor of his frame observed, like the flutter of a bird before its flight. This was the moment when the ransomed spirit took its flight to Heaven! Even when we were weeping at the footstool, he was rejoicing before the throne!

After he was gone, his eyes remained wide open, as if they continued to follow the bright track the spirit had taken to reach its home. What hand of kindred could perform the last office of love? None were left. At the request of his bereaved household, the hand that is honoured to pen this memoir, closed his eyes for ever. When all was over, we cast a lingering look on that little chamber, for ever hallowed in our remembrance, as the place whence this saintly man was borne by the angels to his Father's bosom. The candle on the table was burnt to the socket, and emitted an obnoxious vapour.

Not so the light of this good man's life: it was brightest at its close. We put back, for a moment, the window blind, to look out into the garden where he had so often "walked with God." The day was beginning to break, but he had "gone to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense, until the daybreak and the shadows flee away." He died on the 27th February, 1864, within a month of his eighty-third year.

As he lay in his coffin, the wrinkles of years seemed all smoothed down, and the features of the countenance assumed a marble calm, and a beauty which made him look nobler in death than he had ever done in life. Shall I here reveal a touching incident which indicates the love that once throbbed in the heart now still? Beneath his shroud, and upon his bosom, was laid a precious souvenír. It was a lock of his beloved Aunt Wilmer's hair set in gold. He had worn it in life, and he wished it to be buried with him in the grave!

On the 5th of March, the grave received his dust. None but his pastor and medical attendant were invited to the funeral, but this unexpected arrangement only brought out, into greater prominence, the love and respect of his fellow townsmen. Shops were closed, windows darkened, cabs

ceased to ply, while the procession passed along the streets. All classes of the community, all sections of the church, gathered around the grave. There might be seen the old man leaning on his staff, and the child in his mother's arms, and the widow and the fatherless who had been pensioners upon his bounty; and there, too, were representatives from the various societies with which he had long been identified. Tears were dropped into that grave by the people, and flowers by the little children.

> "And, so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
> That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die."

The grave is situated in the eastern portion of the Scarborough Cemetery. When shall a public monument be erected over it in memory of

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN"?

CHAPTER VIII.

"His soul to Him who gave it rose,
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

REVIEW OF DR. MURRAY'S CHARACTER—AS A MAN—A FRIEND—A PHILOSOPHER—A PHILANTHROPIST—A CHRISTIAN—PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS AND CONCLUSION.

HAVING traced the life of Dr. Murray from the cradle to the grave, our pleasing duty would be but imperfectly fulfilled, did we not try to present a brief summary of his character, with a few practical lessons which it suggests.

As a *Man*, he possessed many noble features, both of mind and body. His bodily presence was not commanding, but his countenance, when lighted up, was itself a study. Several photographs of him have been taken; but there is a portrait of him engraven in many a heart that will survive these. To see the venerable man as he walked

through the streets, in his "wide-awake" hat, with staff in hand, accompanied by his little dog—this is a picture that will be long remembered. Benevolence was stamped upon his countenance, and was visible in all his actions. Had he not been a true Christian, he would still have been kind and benevolent. It was his nature to be so, and grace only sanctified and ennobled what Nature had bestowed. It is said that he bore a striking resemblance to the late James Montgomery, both in personal appearance and character. We once heard this observation made in the doctor's presence. With characteristic politeness, he bowed his acknowledgments, and said, "I am altogether unworthy to be compared with such an eminent individual." Yet we think the observation was correct. Not that he possessed any poetical genius, like Montgomery; but, like him, he was respected and beloved by all classes of men and by all denominations of Christians. On most public occasions, the chair was assigned to him, or at least, the platform wanted a prominent speaker if he were absent. He was open-hearted and ingenuous; his words always expressed his thoughts and feelings, but never concealed them. To possess his confidence was esteemed an honour: to many it was a passport to their success in life. Some persons

have thought him at times too credulous: if so, it was because he formed an opinion of other men's hearts by the ingenuousness of his own. Incapable of deceit himself, he was ready to believe that the same virtue existed in others unless he had proof to the contrary. There was a charming simplicity about him which made him easily approached. Even little children might speak to him in the street, and this he regarded as a privilege which he highly valued. He was the type of a true gentleman, both in manners, in education, and in feeling. He was courteous, even to a beggar; he was equally at home in the mansions of the rich as in the cottages of the poor. Everything like affectation he despised: he was plain in his dress, regular in his habits, simple in his diet, and he lived within his income.

As a *Friend*, he was warm and sincere. To know him was to love him; to have his hand was to have his heart; to enjoy his friendship was something to be proud of. Such friendship as his, when based on Christian principle, is truly beautiful. If adversity befell his friends, he stood by them till the storm was past, and cheered them by his sympathy, and helped them with *his purse.* Among the reminiscences of his long *life, there* were no recollections of unsettled

feuds, or ruptured friendships, and when he lay down to die, his reconciliation with man was as entire as that which he enjoyed with God.

As a *Man of Science*, he could not be regarded as original or profound, but his knowledge was extensive, well arranged, and exact. In a letter recently received from the eminent naturalist, Mr. Waterton, he says, "Dr. Murray was an amiable gentleman, a sound philosopher, and a valuable friend; thousands now living can bear testimony to this." In former years he was a contributor to various medical and scientific journals. Abundant evidence is supplied in the foregoing pages of his scientific attainments, and yet so great was his humility, that however uninformed his friends might be, he always seemed to place himself in the position of a learner rather than of a teacher.

As a *Philanthropist*, he occupied a foremost place. He was never weary in well-doing. His subscriptions to thirty-seven societies were only a small part of what he did. He lived for others. After providing for his personal and household wants, the remainder of his income was spent in doing good. Never was the stereotyped answer, "Too many calls" adopted by him. In asking him for a donation, he made you to feel that you were conferring on him a favour,

not receiving one. He left no legacies to public societies—the greater part of his property lapsed at his death—but his principle was to be the dispenser of charities during his own life. Thus they had the warmth of his own heart in them, and they were accompanied with his own prayers and benedictions, which enhanced their value a thousand-fold.

As a *Christian*. None could doubt that religion, with him, was a reality. He built his hopes for eternity on the finished work of Christ. Before he began to build, he examined the foundation for himself, and nothing afterwards could shake his faith. There was the sunshine of joy and peace in his soul which beamed in his countenance, and was reflected in his daily life. He carried his religion with him wherever he went. When at Rome, he read his bible as regularly as at home, and left it open on his table, that some one seeing it might read it, and get "a word in season" from it. He would go nowhere, nor accept any honour, if it would compromise his religious principles. A personal introduction to the Pope he declined, because he could not conscientiously address him as "His Holiness." From his first settlement in Scarborough, he took up a decided position as a Christian man, which he maintained until he died. In ministering to

the physical maladies of his patients, he embraced the opportunity to direct them to "the balm of Gilead and to the physician there." His religion was not a thing of outward ceremonies, but of "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." It was highly practical, and abounded in good works. "How much owest thou thy Lord?"—this was the question which his later years were spent in answering. And, yet his "good works" were never made the ground of his personal acceptance with God—they were merely the legitimate fruits of faith—the spontaneous expressions of his love to Christ, his Saviour, who had done so much for him. His religion was Catholic. Perhaps he did more to bring christians of different denominations together than any other man in Scarborough. Though attached to the Church of England, he recognised, as brethren, all who belonged to Christ. This spirit of christian charity was more strongly developed during the last years of his life. Was this an evidence of mental infirmity? No! It was one of the "fruits of the spirit" that ripened soonest, before he was transplanted to the church above. The other fruits are all equally ripe now. He has attained "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Could he now converse with us, would he express regret that he loved

to commune with other Christians beyond the pale of his own church? Oh, no! He would bid prejudice, and bigotry, and exclusiveness cease amongst the followers of Christ. He would counsel those who are to have eternal communion in Heaven, to cultivate the same on earth.

But the end of this memoir would be unattained did we not try to gather up a few practical lessons from it, and press them home upon the attention of the reader. Reader! are you a young man just entering life, perhaps the son of pious parents? Beware of religious speculation! Let no book supersede the Bible in your esteem. Dr. Murray had deep experience of this. But for the grace of God, which rescued him, he would have groped about in the darkness of scepticism till he had lost his soul. Avoid the danger into which he fell. Never think the Word of God is old, and must be made to square with modern science, or else thrown aside as obsolete. The sun is old, yet its light is as bright as it was on the morning of the fourth day. Its mission is to reveal the love of God to man, and to proclaim salvation to the lost, by faith in Jesus. Make sure of your personal interest in Christ, and theoretical difficulties will disappear.

Are you simply moral? So was Dr. Murray *for upwards* of thirty years; and yet he found

out that morality was not religion. He was conscientious and honourable in all his dealings; his word was accepted as his bond; and yet these were only the rags of his own righteousness, which had to be abandoned for something better. When the Holy Spirit opened his eyes, he saw himself as a sinner before God, and then he was willing to part with his "rags," and to put on the robe of Christ's righteousness. Dear reader! morality might do for time. It is a current coin between man and man. But even in this world you occupy a solemn relation to another. You have to do with God, as well as with man—with eternity as well as time. Hence the supreme importance of religion—a religion which will cheer you in life, support you in death, and go with you into the eternal world.

Reader, are you a professor of religion? Such was Dr. Murray for many years. He was duly baptized; he attended public worship, and partook of the Sacrament regularly; he gave alms with a liberal hand, and he lived in peace with his neighbours. This was all the religion he had until he was brought to Christ. These constituted a foundation on which he built his hope, but it was a foundation of sand. Thank God! it was in time that his structure was laid in ruins, and that he was led to begin another on the Rock of Ages.

Reader, perhaps you are now rearing a structure as fair and beautiful as his; the top of it reaches almost to heaven! Examine the foundation of it, for on this everything depends. I tell you with all affection and fidelity, that unless you build on Christ alone, your structure will not endure. It will fall, and great will be the fall of it. How sad, at last, to find out the mistake when it is too late to correct it! to be exalted to heaven, and yet cast down to hell, and for the immortal soul for ever to weep and wail on its own ruins!

Reader! are you a man of culture and scientific attainment? Such was Dr. Murray; and yet all his acquirements were consecrated to God. To him, science was the handmaid of religion, and the various objects in nature were but visible symbols of an omnipresent God. Why give time and thought to science and withhold them from religion? What will it avail, though you be learned in all knowledge, and yet know not Him whom to know is life eternal? Dr. Murray had a two-fold experience. He knew the pleasures of science, and he knew the pleasures of religion: which were the sweetest, let his diary tell; let the records of his happy life, and of his peaceful death, make known. It may be your profession, *like* his, to visit the sick-room and the chamber of *death.* What a field of usefulness is here open

to every christian physician. A word from you may be as medicine to the soul of the invalid. Yours may be the honour of pointing the languid, dying eye, to the cross, and winning souls to Jesus. Thus did our "beloved physician," and he had souls for his hire." Go thou and do likewise.

Reader, are you still unpardoned? Then, whatever may be your outward prosperity, you are not happy. Happy! how can it be? Your guilt is fast accumulating, and, if you die as you live, your soul will be lost for ever! No doubt you mean to be otherwise by-and-by. Will you defer your repentance until the dying day, when human sklll can avail you nothing? This is not wise, nor is it safe. "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Dr. Murray was converted fifty years before he died. He lived in Christ, he died in Christ, and he is gone to be with Christ, which is far better. Like him, come at once to Jesus. Then shall you "die the death of the righteous, and your last end be like his."

Farewell, venerable man of God, farewell, for a while! Thou hast fulfilled thy day, and entered into thy glorious rest. While we remain behind to toil for the Master, it will cheer us to look back on the holy intercourse we have had with thee on earth, and, it will cheer us yet more, to

look forward to the renewal of this intercourse in our Father's house above.

"A life in Heaven! oh, what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed;
Fulness of joy, and depth of bliss
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.
Firm in Christ's footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love!
And be from grace to glory led,
From Heaven below to Heaven above."

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